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LAYS  
OF  
NORTHERN ZEALANDIA.

—♦♦—  
E. S. GARTON.



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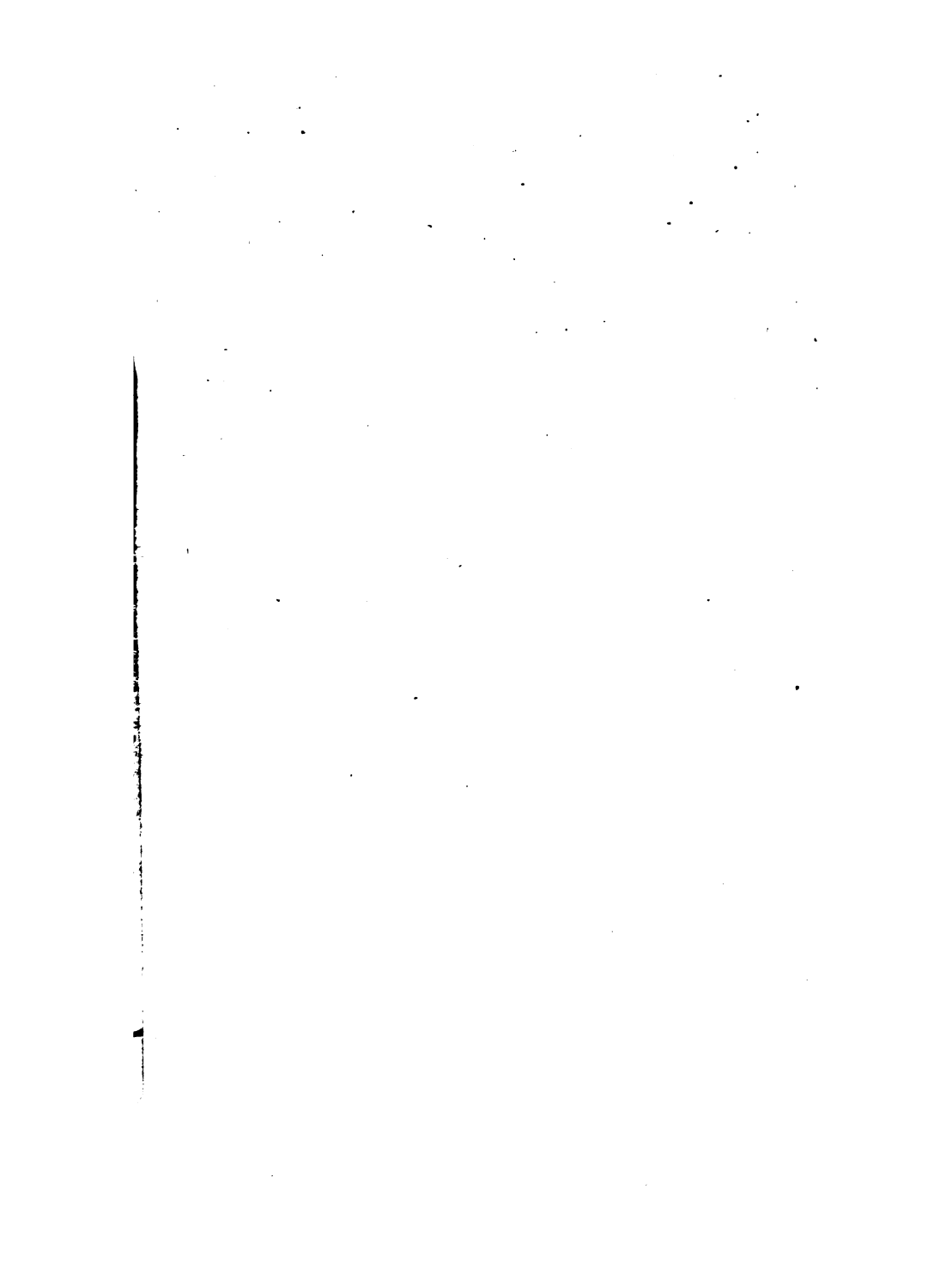
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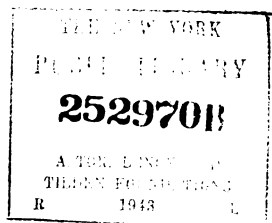
EDWARD SKELTON GARTON.

AUCKLAND

H. BRETT, EVENING STAR OFFICE, SHORTLAND STREET

1885.

*als*



## DEDICATION.



*Mother, thou who watched o'er my childhood's days,  
Guarding my steps and teaching my young heart  
The ways of truth and love ; instilling there  
High and ambitious thoughts ; I bless thee now !  
To whom, dear mother, if not unto thee  
Should I then dedicate my heart's best tribute ?  
Accept it, mother, this small gift of mine,  
A happy message from thine absent son,  
A token of undying love to thee,  
Whose honoured name will dignify and grace  
My little book a thousand, thousand times  
More than the pompous name of kings.  
Then to the best and sweetest name on earth—  
" Mother," I dedicate my youthful songs.*

Evans 14 July 1943





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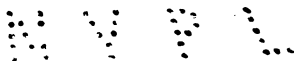
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## INTRODUCTION.

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**N**EALANDIA, from thy wildest steep  
I have viewed thy glassy deep,  
Wrapped in night's Plutonian sheet,  
And listened to the music sweet  
That in mystic strains upborne,  
Echoing till the shadowy morn ;  
Have sat and watched the stars on high ;  
Irradiant orbs of southern sky,  
Dreaming of destiny, dreaming of love,  
Dreaming of heavens below and above !  
Soaring to realms afar, my soul  
Scorning the limits of the pole ;  
Scorning the stars for a resting place,  
Till lost on waves of endless space.  
Mystery of mysteries ! beautiful world !  
Fair Psyche's pinions are unfurled ;  
But vain, unattainably vain,  
She must fold her wings again.  
Mysteries on mystery ! beautiful world !



That falling star, what power has hurled  
 Down, down into an endless night,  
 Extinguishing a glorious light?  
 Must I these wonders all forego,  
 E'en soaring Psyche cannot know?  
 Must I return and strive no more,  
 Nor spirit-enchanted climes explore?  
 Constellations bright, and worlds afar,  
 Pale galaxies of glittering stars;  
 Mysteries above, and wonders below,  
 Spirits of beauty round me flow,  
 Soul of all things sweet and rare  
 Breathes on thee, Zealandia fair.  
 Rocky steeps and mountains wild,  
 Lovely vales where nature smiled  
 Since time primeval first began;  
 Or breathed on earth, God's creature man:  
 Southern Britain, realm of love—  
 Type of fairer climes above.  
 Zealandia, on thy rocky shore,  
 Listening to the ocean's lore,  
 Beneath a shady canopy,  
 The flowery boughs of Christmas tree,  
 Where the bright sands gleam and shine,  
 I have formed these songs of mine;  
 Nature's voice, in accent sweet,  
 Gave to me these songs complete;  
 There, in measures rude and long,  
 I have heard the Maori's song:

Legends of the ancient brave,  
Resting now in ocean cave,  
Ancient warriors, fierce and free,  
Warriors grim from o'er the sea :  
There, beneath the Christmas flowers,  
I have spent the happy hours ;  
Framing songs in rapture blest,  
Woody into a state of rest  
By the music ocean chaunted,  
Round her caverns mermaid haunted.  
Could, oh could I, but impart  
All that stirs my youthful heart,  
Ocean cradled ! southern isle,  
Kissed by nature's every smile.  
Would that I, for her sweet sake,  
Could some nobler cantos make ;  
Heaven help me, that I may  
In some future happy day.  
Years shall teach my wayward pen  
Happier thoughts ; but until then,  
Gentle youth and maiden true,  
And critics kind, I bid adieu ;  
Accept these poems, for I resign  
If cypress wreaths for them you twine.



# IOANETI.

## A MAORI TALE.

"What will not woman, gentle woman dare  
When strong affection stirs her spirit up."—*Southey*.

### CANTO THE FIRST.

#### I.

**N**ORTHERN Zealandia ! thy rude wilds,  
Waken the poet's heart to sing,  
And my young muse – ambitious thought !—  
Now feebly, gladly, tries her wing.  
Conducive to aspiring muse,  
The beauties that these scenes diffuse ;  
Fair Hesper shines in tender light,  
To introduce sweet summer night  
To quivering ocean, shore, and sky,  
While day's expiring sunbeams fly ;  
Then smiling, quickly steals away  
As l'envoy of departing day,  
And sinking in the burnished seas,  
The orb of day reclines with ease ;  
While nearing on the gentle gale,  
Far out to sea, appears a sail.  
Sunlight and twilight combined impart  
Dreams of love to the passionate heart.



## II.

Full on Zealandia's rugged strand  
 These shafts of sunlight lay,  
 Tinging the crystals of sparkling sand,  
 That glittered in Oaneti's bay.  
 While from rude cliffs on either side,  
 That frowning look o'er ocean tide,  
 The hardy Pohutukawas clung,  
 And in mid-air their branches flung ;  
 Studded o'er with blossom's bright,  
 They deck the bay like stars at night  
 That glimmer from the azure blue,  
 And give it but a brighter hue :  
 Fair flower of sports and festivals gay,  
 Sweet emblem of our Christmas Day.

## III.

Far to the south, the "Mountains Blue,"\*  
 In wooded grandeur dressed,  
 Rise high, till clouds debar from view  
 Their summits' topmost crest.  
 And there in many a frowning pa  
 Dwelt Rewi's mountain band,  
 Who carried fire and bloody war  
 Through all the trembling land.  
 The Saxon's conquering foot ne'er pierced  
 These woods and passes high ;  
 The haughty tatooed warriors fierce

\* A chain of mountains on the West Coast, so named from their appearance being wooded to their highest summits.

Ne'er saw his conquering eye :  
 They dreaded not his growing power ;  
 Children of a haughty race,—  
 They dreamt not of approaching hour,  
 When the Maori would give place  
 To the Saxon's conquering arms,  
 Or civilization's might.  
 Their hearts were wild as mountain's pass,  
 Dark as their mountain's night.

IV.

But here within this little bay,  
 The birds sang many a roundelay ;  
 And humming beetle's noisy flight  
 Proclaimed advent of summer's night ;  
 While ocean wave, and perfumed grove  
 Seemed to own the power of love.  
 And yonder, where the vine-leaves cling  
 Deftly to the crumbling wall,  
 From which the ruru's\* accents ring  
 To the tori's† imploring call,  
 And water-cresses in the brook,  
 That murmuring gently, wanders nigh,  
 Proclaims a Saxon home forsook,  
 Occupied in times gone by  
 By some holy man of God,  
 Who these sands has often trod :  
 These mighty cliffs and rocks have rung  
 With accents of his foreign tongue.

\* Ruru—the owl. † Tori—the cat.

## V.

While to the east, not distant far,  
 On yonder peak an ancient pa  
 O'erlooked with wild defiant air  
 On lesser hills and valleys fair,  
 Though hidden from Oaneti's bay,  
 That in the high rocks nestling lay.  
 'Twas built by mighty hand of Tu,\*  
 Who landed here from war canoe,  
 And marshalled here upon the sand,  
 His long devoted patriot band,  
 And built up there, in bold relief,  
 A mighty pah for conquering chief.  
 There his sons have lived and died,  
 Chieftains of fair lands and wide,  
 There brave Hongi Tu† doth dwell,  
 But more of him my song shall tell.

## VI.

Where the breakers fall on hard grey sands  
 A lovely Maori maiden stands !  
 Watching the sea with eager gaze,  
 Trying to pierce the deepening haze ;  
 Her beautiful locks of raven hair  
 Fluttering about with grace and ease,

\* Tu—One of the Maori heroes who first landed in New Zealand. Supposed by the Northern Maories to have been descended from the War-God Tu.

† Hongi Tu—The father of Oaneti and a descendant of the "mighty Tu."

Leaving her beautiful shoulders bare,  
 Wooed by the kiss of the western breeze  
 Her lovely eyes like shadowy night  
 Are softly dark and starry bright ;  
 But a gentle gleam and a look of care  
 Show that the light of love is there.  
 Ah yes, sweet love with deepest smart,  
 Had found a place in her young heart,  
 Soft'ning her face and nature wild  
 Into young fancy's ideal child ;  
 Given her a soul, and gentle care,  
 Taught her to braid her raven hair,  
 Implanted in her native breast  
 The beatings of a vague unrest.

## VII.

A Maori ! yes, but a languid grace  
 Softened the contour of her face ;  
 Descended from a royal line,  
 And influenced by love's power divine.  
 As sunbeams pierce the darkest shades  
 Of rocky depths or forest glades,  
 So love had pierced her heathen breast,  
 And planted there its influence blest.  
 As flowers that bloom in the wilderness  
 Far from maiden's soft caress,  
 Oaneti bloomed in a desert wild,  
 On barren wastes her beauty smiled

As flowers are found in deserts bare  
 And borne away with gentle care,  
 So she was found, "Nor loved the less  
 For flowering in a wilderness."\*

## VIII.

Still she stood on the sea-washed strand  
 Till her feet sank down 'neath shifting sand,  
 And the rising tide, with warning sound,  
 Bade her seek some higher ground ;  
 Backward retreating o'er the lea,  
 Her eyes still turned towards the sea  
 While night's soft shadows gently fall  
 Covering the ocean like a pall.  
 Dreams she about her ancestor Tu,  
 Who crossed the sea in war canoe ?  
 Has ocean waves some charm in store,  
 That keeps her lingering near the shore ?  
 Is it Rewi from the mountains blue,  
 The war-loving chief, who comes to woo ?  
 Why stay so late, why stands she there,  
 With Christmas flowers in her hair ?

## IX.

But hark ! the air, and hills remote  
 Re-echo to a bugle note !  
 The sea-birds from their perches high  
 All screaming o'er the ocean fly !

\* Moore.

But Oaneti loved its accents clear,  
 Too long and well, its notes to fear.  
 " 'Tis he ! " she cried, " my pale-faced chief,  
 With his big canoe inside the reef ! "  
 She hastened down to the water's brink,  
 And heard the rattling anchor sink ;  
 She heard his voice, through ocean's roar,  
 Direct his boat towards the shore—  
 That deep-toned voice she loved so well ;  
 She still remembered the last farewell,  
 The parting 'neath the Christmas tree,  
 That blooms once more with blossoms free,—  
 A year ago, but memory clear  
 Would cherish long a time so dear.  
 She heard the oarsman's measured stroke,  
 Between the waves that foundering broke,  
 And circling round, in sport to meet  
 And kiss the printing of her feet.

## x.

One moment passed, and her pale-faced chief  
 Sprang on the crag of a jutting reef ;  
 One moment more, and Oaneti fell  
 In the arms of him she loved so well.  
 But 'tis not for my feeble pen  
 To tell the tale of lovers, when  
 Oceans wide have rolled between,  
 And anxious years have slowly been.

Enough, that many a fond embrace,  
 And happy tears on radiant face,  
 And gentle words of greeting low,  
 In love's melodious accents flow.  
 'Tis not for me their joys to tell,  
 But those who've felt will know too well,  
 The meeting's bliss, and woe to part,  
 Their influence o'er the human heart.

## XI.

And o'er the eastern craggy height,  
 In delicate beams the orb of night  
 Rose up behind the massy frown  
 Of Pukenui's rocky crown.  
 On the floating bark the moonbeams fell,  
 Gently heaving in the swell,  
 And floating on the sea and bay  
 Gigantic forms and shadows lay.  
 Young Oscar looked on this wild scene,  
 Then gazing on Oaneti's mien,  
 He swore by Heaven, and ocean wide,  
 To make this Maori maid his bride.  
 Then wandered on to the mossy seat,  
 Fraught with every memory sweet ;  
 Sunny spots, that sweetly cheer  
 Our pathway through this world of tears.  
 'Twas a shady seat 'neath a Christmas tree,  
 This Oaneti, in her wanton glee,  
 This lovely seat a name had given—  
 "Ngahui Rangi"—Council of Heaven.

## XII.

There the night hours passed too soon ;  
 Too quickly flew the silvery moon,  
 Hours that parted lovers deem  
 Lengthened days, seemed like a dream :  
 Thus to the happy lovers' heart  
 The blissful hours too quickly part ;  
 Forgotten time still marches on,  
 Till wakening nature proves it gone.  
 So there they sat in love's embrace,  
 Children of a different race :  
 He with pale majestic brow—  
 From the northern land of snow ;  
 She, with sweet, though passionate smile,  
 Daughter of a sunnier isle ;  
 A sameness, yet a difference far ;  
 Both were born 'neath ocean star ;  
 He with eye of ocean blue,  
 She with orbs of darkest hue.  
 Still true love had made them one,  
 Southern maid and Northern son.

## XIII.

She gathered Christmas flowers to weave  
 Into garlands—'twas Christmas Eve—  
 And bound them round her Oscar's brow  
 With loving hands, and murmured low,  
 " These, my chief, are flowers of love,  
 Take them my constancy to prove ;



For I shall love with every breath,  
 Till these bright eyes may close in death."  
 And round his neck, with a braid of hair,  
 Sweet-scented moss\* she bound with care;  
 A Maori pledge, a sacred thing,  
 An emblem of betrothal ring ;  
 A simpler gift, but dearer far  
 Than richest gem in crown of Czar  
 To him who prized, more than the rest,  
 One simple vow by love expressed ;  
 A souvenir unknown to art,  
 A sacred pledge of faithful heart.  
 Such was the gift Oaneti gave,  
 A custom of the ancient brave.

## XIV.

Like ancient cavalier of old  
 He kissed her tapering hand,  
 As daintily she tied the fold  
 Of the more than silken band.  
 He raised her from her lowly seat,  
 And placed her by his side ;  
 And that he counted scarcely meet,  
 A princess though his chosen bride.  
 And there she listened to the stories  
 That he told about the sea,  
 Of old England's grander glories,  
 Or fair France's chivalry.

\* Scented moss—A very pretty custom amongst you g Maoris of rank. A betrothal pledge, an equivalent to the engagement ring.

She sat and listened like a child  
 That hears grandsire relate  
 Dread tales about the Indians wild,  
 Or fairy maiden's fate.  
 Thus blissful moments pass away,  
 Midnight hovers o'er the bay ;  
 The moon has climbed the azure sky,  
 And from her zenith throne on high  
 Looks down, in beams of tenderest light,  
 To beautify the reign of night.

## xv.

The mournful waves' melodious splash  
 Has ceased against the rock to dash ;  
 Full well he knew—too soon by far—  
 The waves would leave the treacherous bar.  
 "Oh cruel tides and fickle moon  
 That biddest lovers part too soon."  
 Young Oscar saw, and with a start  
 Clasped Oaneti to his heart,  
 And looking up, she quickly read,  
 In his pale face, its meaning dread ;  
 She quickly saw in his loved face  
 The meaning of such wild embrace,  
 And nestled closer to his heart,  
 Dreading the moment that would part ;  
 She dare not think, nor yet could rest,  
 But pillowed on his manly breast,  
 Tried to forget, but all in vain,  
 The truth flashed through her heart and brain.

And nestling closer, closer still,  
 As if defying human ill,  
 Or ocean's might, or nature's power,  
 To part them in such blissful hour.

## xvi.

Oh cruel tides and fickle moon  
 That part true lovers all too soon,  
 That laughs at love's impassioned sigh,  
 And mocks at tears in maiden's eye.  
 Ah still more feeble is my pen  
 To describe a parting, when  
 Seasons pass, and years roll by,  
 Roses bloom, and violets die.  
 E'er those hearts that tremble now  
 Shall meet again 'neath Christmas bough ;  
 E'er those clinging hands may weave  
 Leafy crowns on Christmas eve,—  
 Christmas wreaths, to crown that brow  
 That bears her parting kiss e'en now ;  
 Grief and pain, in eyes of jet,  
 And paler cheeks with bright tears wet.  
 They alone can truly tell  
 Who have felt its blighting spell ;  
 They alone will truly know  
 The stinging smart of parting woe,  
 The clinging arms and fond embrace,  
 That nought from memory can efface.

## XVII.

Many were the times he stayed,  
As loth to leave the weeping maid ;  
He knew 'twas madness to delay,  
But could not tear himself away ;  
He bade her watch the billowy main  
When blooms the Christmas tree again.  
“ When Christmas flowers bright and gay,  
In gaudy vesture clothe the bay,  
Then your lover's big canoe  
Shall gaily bound o'er ocean blue.  
Till then, sweet maid, mine own, farewell,  
Angels bless and guard you well.  
I'll think of thee far on the deep,  
Where torrents pour, and wild winds sweep ;  
But by those eyes, where loves to lay  
The languid light of dying day.  
And by thy native form divine,  
Unequalled yet by poet's line,  
Thy lover, that thy love has blest,  
Shall bear thee off to climes of rest,  
Far, far beyond the glowing west,  
The white man's wondrous strand.  
There kind friends will gladly greet  
To happy homes, and love more meet  
For such a flower, that blossomed sweet  
Within a savage land.  
But ominous sounds the treacherous swell,  
Farewell Oaneti ! my life, farewell ! ”

## XVIII.

Orbs of heaven that shine so bright,  
Veil, oh veil your cruel light ;  
In heaven above is there no cloud  
'To hide the moon in misty shroud ?  
And veil him from Oaneti's gaze,  
Who by the moon's refulgent rays,  
She sees departing, near the verge  
Where rocks contending, meet the surge,  
And thus to see his form depart,  
Might break a still less passionate heart.  
She stood upon the rock's high crest,  
With dizzy head and throbbing breast.  
Just then a thin cloud veiled the moon,  
Or she had fallen in deadly swoon  
To rocky depths and waves below,  
And ended then her future woe.

## XIX.

He passed ! and for one moment brief  
She stood like ocean goddess chained,  
So motionless upon the reef.  
The moon her power had scarcely gained,  
When like the torturing pang of death  
She gasped, as if for want of breath,  
And reeling on the dizzy edge  
Just timely caught a jutting ledge,  
And held her, till in calmer mood  
She ventured on the watch-tower rude,

To weep, to grieve, to mourn, and gaze  
 Into the ocean's deep'ning haze.  
 To dream past hours, and then to start  
 And feel her aching broken heart.  
 From midnight dews she feels no chill,  
 And from the damp rocks dreads no ill ;  
 Faint in body, and weary of brain,  
 Unconscious of aught but mental pain,  
 The splintered rocks all pierced her feet,  
 And 'gainst her cheeks the salt winds beat.  
 Thus she stood through that long night,  
 Nor moved one foot till morning light ;  
 And, standing there, the smiling morn  
 Found her weary, sad, and worn,  
 And when the blushing orb of day  
 Cleared the ocean mists away,  
 She saw his sail on ocean's rim,  
 Fading in the distance dim.

## xx.

Slowly she left the desolate bay  
 Where all her joys had fled,  
 Slowly she climbed the eastern way  
 That to her kianga led,  
 Slowly she entered the guarded gate  
 Of her sire's ancestral pa ;  
 Everything seemed hateful now,  
 Even the smiling ra :

She could not bear what once she loved  
 Her people's admiring glance,  
 And hateful were all pastimes now,  
 Lover's song, or wild war-dance ;  
 Changed her heart from wild delights,  
 By influence of two blissful nights ;  
 Thus owning civilisation's power,  
 By thoughts inbibed in love's short hour.  
 But the shining orb that saw her grief  
 In the blushing morn upon the reef,  
 Now in her dark eye's sadder charm,  
 The fading sun-light, soft and warm,  
 E'er sinking o'er the western slope  
 Discovered one small ray of hope.

## XXI.

Oaneti counted each week and day,  
 Till ten long months had passed away ;  
 Daily she lingered on the strand  
 Of the sea-washed rocks and sparkling sand,  
 Watching the waves as they foundering fell  
 On the sacred spot she loved so well.  
 Murmuring her hopes to the lonely sea,  
 Watching the buds of the Christmas tree,  
 Singing her hopes, and wailing her woe,  
 Telling her grief to Tangaroa ;\*  
 Imploring that the hurricane  
 Might bear her lover back again :

\* *Tangaroa*—The Sea-God or Maori Neptune.

For her sire had sworn, by ancient Tu,  
 That Rewi of the mountains blue  
 Should Oaneti wed, and that to be  
 When blooms the budding Christmas tree.  
 On her hand she wore a ring of gold,  
 But her tale of love she ne'er had told ;  
 She knew her sire would see her dead  
 Sooner than a hated pakeha wed.  
 She dare not with her feelings cope,  
 But hoped on with a desperate hope ;  
 For buds were on the Christmas bough,  
 And shallower was the brooklet's flow,  
 Proclaiming that the time drew nigh  
 When mountain chief with angry eye  
 Would come to claim in the twilight gray,  
 A royal slave, or lifeless clay.

## XXII.

Proclaiming too, in whispers low,  
 Her pale faced lover's fondest vow—  
 Plighted there in accents sweet,  
 Where the rocks and billows meet,  
 Witnessed by the orb of night,  
 That ne'er had seen such blessed sight ;  
 And borne away by gentle gale,  
 That ne'er had heard so sweet a tale,  
 Though many a lover's vow before  
 Was plighted on the cruel shore,  
 Whose power to part, the cruel wave



Is scarce less potent than the grave ;  
 But never viewed such tender scene  
 Since lovers' hearts have parted been.  
 His voice in fancy still she heard,  
 His face in fancy she could see ;  
 Her memory fresh retained each word  
 Plighted 'neath the Christmas tree.  
 " When Christmas flowers and blossoms gay  
 In gaudy vesture clothe the bay,  
 Then wait for me by this sweet grove,  
 True emblem of returning love."

## XXIII.

Thus her hopes and fears the same,  
 For their end, these blossoms claim ;  
 Now with joy she sees them grow,  
 Now with terror views them blow ;  
 With beating heart she views their growth,  
 She scarcely dare look to the south,  
 Where Rewi with his mountain band  
 May now descend to claim her hand ;  
 With beating heart and longing eye  
 She sees full many a ship go by.  
 With eager gaze she views each sail  
 Borne away before the gale ;  
 Thus her hopes still rose or fell,  
 All her hopes on ocean dwell,  
 And all her fears that daily grew,  
 Were centered in the mountains blue ;

And hopes and fears, all claim one date  
 To prove Oaneti's pending fate,—  
 When budding boughs of the Christmas tree  
 Shall hang their blossoms o'er the sea.

## CANTO THE SECOND.

## I.

A glorious summer's day was done,  
 As Oaneti paced the beach alone ;  
 The Pohutakawas in blossoms gay  
 Like a gaudy mantle clothed the bay ;  
 The western breezes softly blow  
 On her heated cheek and aching brow ;  
 Still ocean-ward with many a sigh  
 She turns her weary longing eye ;  
 Imploring the sea-borne waves that fell  
 Some tidings of her chief to tell ;  
 Asking the free-born birds of air,  
 To swiftly one short message bear  
 To her loved chief, where'er he be  
 Upon the wild mysterious sea,  
 To bring his barque on the wingèd wind,  
 And bear her off to the clouds that find  
 The ocean's mystic hazy rim ;  
 Anywhere ! anywhere ! away with him,  
 And from him who, to-morrow's eve,  
 Will come his slave-bride to receive.

## II.

The waves still flowed o'er the hidden reef,  
 As if to mock her pining grief;  
 And free-born sea-birds shrieked on high,  
 In mockery to her passionate cry.  
 Cruel and cold was the sea before,  
 Cruel and cold was the home behind,  
 Cruel alike the sea and shore,  
 Cruel and harsh to her suffering mind;  
 Cruel her father's iron will,  
 Crushing her heart with ruthless hand;  
 Killing a love that loved him still,  
 In spite of wrong and stern command.  
 United all the demon train  
 Could not add another pain;  
 But, turning to the cruel sea,  
 She hailed it as her grave to be!  
 She vowed that ere fierce Rewi wed  
 The wild lone sea would be her bed!  
 And sitting on the mossy stone,  
 Her grief found words in mournful tone,  
 A cadence clear as the requiems low  
 Of murmuring waves that shore-ward flow.

## III.

"Cruel sire, can thy nature know  
 No softer impulse, or thy wild brow  
 Relax its frown and wear a smile,  
 Or pity her, thine only child?

Didst thou e'er love or ever feel  
 Its influence o'er thy heart of steel?  
 Wilt thou, regardless of my grief,  
 Unite me to that barbarous chief,  
 Who, when his burst of passion's o'er,  
 And my young charm attract no more,  
 Will treat me as his meanest slave,  
 As some vile thing scarce worth a grave?  
 No, never, by the stars above,  
 And by the pale-face chief I love,  
 To-morrow's eve will set me free,  
 Or a grave beneath the billowy sea;  
 To-morrow Rewi comes to wed,  
 But the sea will be my marriage bed.  
 And ere the morn I'll rest my feet  
 Upon the Reinga's sacred seat,\*  
 And there, for my last souvenir,  
 A lovely bunch of blossoms dear,  
 Culled from yonder Christmas tree,  
 That waves its blossoms full and free,  
 Above our ngahui rangi seat,  
 Blessed with every memory sweet,  
 I'll leave it on the seat to prove  
 Oaneti died for Oscar's love.

\* The Rock of Maunganni—This rock is the first break on the beautiful Ahipara beach, on the west coast. It is about thirty miles from the entrance to the Reinga. Weary spirits travelling to the Reinga are supposed to rest themselves upon this rock, and leave some souvenir behind them—as a wreath of nikau leaves or fern. Those from inland leaving a nikau leaf and those from the sea coast leaving one of fern or a species of grass peculiar to the west coast.

## IV.

“ Oh, love of mine, wilt thou not come  
And bear me to thy distant home ?  
My chief, 'tis hard to die and know  
That sure as ocean breezes blow  
Thou wilt come and learn my fate,  
To view my grave, but just too late  
To save her whom thy love confessed,  
Should share with thee a home of rest,  
And add a tear to the waters dread  
That roll above my coral bed.  
But vain such thoughts, 't will be sweeter far  
To rest beneath the ocean star,  
Than life with that inhuman chief,  
Who mocks at pain, and laughs at grief.  
But oh, my heart, to live and prove  
The depth of my brave Oscar's love !'  
And burning tears from her dark eyes glide,  
Mixing with foam of the ocean tide.

## V.

Slowly she rose when the moon shone bright,  
Retracing her steps up the mountain height  
Back to her whare, but not to sleep.  
Her tears are dry—she cannot weep—  
She must sit alone, and bear her grief,  
And pray for light to bring relief.  
All sadly seemed the winds to sigh,  
And ominous was the ruru's cry ;

High up above the wooded dell  
 The kaka's shriek came like a knell,  
 And the lonely kiwi's woeful call  
 Seemed like the voice of a spirit fall  
 On Oaneti's ear, who taught to dread,  
 Beast and man, living and dead !

## VI.

The long night passed, but near the morn  
 Oaneti's spirit, which had borne  
 Her grief for many a sleepless night  
 Without the aid of slumbers light,  
 Now sank out-matched by nature's power,  
 A troubled sleep for one short hour.  
 If sleep could take such form as this,  
 'Twas more a dream of troubled bliss.  
 She dreamt that in the trysting bay  
 Her lover's long-watched vessel lay,  
 His signal from the main-mast high  
 Fluttered about in a summer sky,  
 And loud and long his bugle note  
 Amongst the wild hills seemed to float ;  
 And wakening with a sudden start,  
 She clasped her hands upon her heart,  
 As if to still its beating pain,  
 Till she could hear those notes again ;  
 But all was still as Pluto's shore,  
 Notes or echoes sound no more.

But in her breast still found a place,  
 The superstitions of her race ;  
 She thought her dream, a message told  
 By spirits from the reinga's fold.

VII.

All silently she stole away,  
 When flickering lights of eastern day  
 Proclaimed by many a glimmering line  
 The day's advent, and night's decline ;  
 While in oblivion all were still,  
 She hurried o'er the western hill ;  
 With beating heart and hasty glance  
 She viewed the ocean's broad expanse ;  
 But nothing met her anxious eye,  
 Save the lone sea-bird sailing by—  
 So calm and still the ocean lay,  
 Nor sound nor splash disturbs the bay ;  
 So light the draughts of western breeze,  
 They cannot move the glassy seas.  
 Wild was her glance and sad her brow,  
 As gazing on bright depths below,  
 She longed to still her troubled breast  
 Within those coral caves of rest :  
 And lifting high her tapering hand,  
 She bade farewell to native land,  
 And all her friends, her friends in truth,  
 That loved her in her happy youth.

## VIII.

“Adieu ! fair clime of my ancestor Tu  
Welcome ye waves of the ocean blue !  
Farewell, wild hills in verdure dressed,  
I go to the Maoris’ home of rest !  
Great Tangaroa, god of the sea,  
In thy coral halls I come to thee !  
Or perhaps to me such boon be given,  
To dwell within the white man’s heaven !  
Since here I cannot hope to be  
The white man’s queen, perhaps for me  
A place is spared in heaven to dwell,  
Since I have loved so long and well.  
He pointed to the sky above,  
And told me ’twas a realm of love ;  
He told me that my Maori face  
Would not the brightest heaven disgrace ;  
Nay, more, that if such things could be,  
The angels there might envy me !  
Such then may be my lot to-day.  
Farewell, sweet Christmas blossoms gay,  
Dearest flowers, that once I wove  
Around his brow in wreaths of love.

## IX.

“Farewell my friends, and you, my sire,  
Will it tame thy pride, or fan thy ire,  
When Rewi, from the mountains blue,  
Shall come to claim Oaneti Tu,



And find his long-intended slave  
 Far far beneath the foamy wave ?  
 And farewell, Oscar ! fare-thee-well,  
 Whom I have loved so long and well ;  
 Fond winds shall bear my last adieu,  
 I'll meet thee on the waters blue !  
 Once more, farewell ! my spirit's with thee,  
 My body I cast on the wild dread sea !  
 But no ! the western breeze may rise,  
 And clear the mists across the skies ;  
 And his swift barque, e'er close of day  
 May sail into the nestling bay ;  
 I will not do so wild a deed  
 Until the latest hour of need."

## x.

She moved away from the tempting sea  
 To the well-remembered Christmas tree,  
 And gazed upon the place below  
 Where she had sat twelve months ago :  
 Twelve months ago, ah yes, so well  
 Her fancy hears her lover tell,  
 His accents tuned for maiden's ear :  
 Could she forget a time so dear,  
 A ray of light, when she looked back  
 Upon her young life's stormy track ;  
 An oasis in her memory drear,  
 From which sprang all her pleasures here ;  
 A saving sprig in life's dark flood,

A lighthouse rock that firmly stood  
 The storm of life's tempestuous might,  
 With saving strength, and cheering light.  
 How changed is everything since then,  
 Bright Christmas flowers bloom again !  
 That was an evening bright and gay,  
 And this,—is this my bridal day ?  
 My bridal day ! oh can it be ?  
 Welcome ! wild depths, oh stormy sea !  
 E'er this day's rising sun is set,  
 E'er Rewi dark and Tu have met,  
 Dark moana, I'll be with thee !

## XI.

But glimmering tinge and scarlet streak  
 Graced the crests of many a peak,  
 Warning her to swiftly hie  
 Back to her whare, there to sigh  
 And wait till the last minute fled,  
 And, hope's expiring flicker dead,  
 Bravely to smile, and bravely wait,  
 As if resigned to meet her fate.

## XII.

Morning came, and the old chief sought  
 Oaneti's whare, and, smiling, brought  
 Her kerchief white, and Rewi's too,  
 That had been dipped in the limpid blue

Of sacred stream,\* that murmured through  
 'The tapued ground of ancient Tu.  
 He brought them both, that she should take  
 Rewi's kerchief, thus to make  
 Confession that with every breath,  
 She would love and serve till death.  
 Silently she took her own ;  
 But madly dashed great Rewi's down !  
 And fiercely trod it 'neath her feet  
 Upon the dusty village street !  
 And stood erect, like fabled queen,  
 Graceful her form and noble mien.  
 The old chief stared, and well he might,  
 He ne'er had seen so grand a sight.  
 "Think'st thou by threats to make me wed  
 A man whose hands with blood are red ?  
 Go tell him that his gift I scorn,  
 His kerchief lies all soiled and torn.  
 Go tell him that Oaneti dare  
 His sacred kerchief soil and tear ;  
 And tell him that Oaneti Tu  
 Shall never see his mountains blue !"

## XIII.

Then proudly stood her aged sire,  
 While from his eyes gleamed heathen fire.  
 "To-night, to-night !" the old chief cried,

\* It was a custom of the ancient Maoris to wash some part of the garments of the bride and bridegroom in a sacred stream, and hang them both to dry on the same fern bush.

"To-night, proud girl, thou art a bride ;  
 To-night, when falls the twilight gray,  
 Rewi shall bear thee far away.  
 Far away from Kainga Tu,  
 To a guarded home on the mountains blue ;  
 Far away from the ocean wave,  
 To the rocky home of the fierce and brave.  
 What maid in Awatearoa,  
 Would not with Rewi gladly go ?  
 And thou, proud girl, his only peer,  
 Rejects him with a haughty sneer.  
 It may not be such deep disgrace  
 To fall on Rewi's royal race ;  
 The feast is spread, by eventide  
 Oaneti shall be great Rewi's bride !  
 With royal feathers deck thy hair,  
 My word is passed, prepare, prepare !"

## XIV.

He passed away, this haughty chief,  
 And left her weeping in her grief ;  
 He left her pleading all in vain,  
 And never saw his child again !  
 Like many a sire of nobler race,  
 Blacker their guilt, though white their face,  
 Who care not for the blighting smart,  
 But break the first love of the heart.  
 Aside their children's love they fling,  
 And hold it as some trivial thing

Ond thus, their ruthless power to prove,  
 Decree a lord they cannot love ;  
 Till wakened by their offspring's fate,  
 They see the wrong when all too late.  
 A broken heart, a careless wife,  
 A vacant stare, and blighted life ;  
 No power can heal the conscience smart,  
 O'er a blighted life and broken heart.  
 The youthful heart needs gentle care,  
 If unwise love is growing there ;  
 Not crushing with a ruthless hand,  
 But kind entreaties, love's command.

## xv.

Thus broken-hearted, weary and worn,  
 Oaneti sat on her bridal morn ;  
 Upon her sweet lip's matchless mould  
 A purpose firm was plainly told ;  
 Not resignation's sorrowing calm,  
 Nor duty's sweet repentant balm,  
 But wild resolve, a purpose set,  
 Flashed from her liquid orbs of jet.  
 All silently she musing sate,  
 Dressed in costly robes of state—  
 The richest robes in all the land,  
 By her father's stern command ;  
 Bright costly feathers deck her hair,  
 And green-stone breast-plate. large and rare.

Though envied by the female train,  
 Such ornaments but give her pain ;  
 For she had heard her chief relate  
 Of distant climes and nations great ;  
 And she had hoped his words to prove,  
 And more than all, a white man's love.

## XVI.

Time flew apace, from south and east  
 Warriors came to her bridal feast,  
 And more than that, these warriors came  
 To gaze on her, whose maiden fame  
 Resounding rung through all the land,  
 From southern lakes to northern sand !  
 And many a chief with haughty name  
 From midland pas and kaingas came,  
 Bringing noble presents meet,  
 And laid them at Oaneti's feet.  
 With long poetic korero  
 They each her wearied senses task ;  
 Each compliment seems like a blow,  
 They see her languid eyes, and ask  
 Her why she is not blithe and gay,  
 On such a happy bridal day ;  
 For such it seemed to them who guessed  
 Not what was struggling in her breast.  
 For them, who more than worth by far,  
 Deemed warrior fierce or strength in war ;

'Twas well for her they could not read  
 Her bosom's secret pain ;  
 Or guarded there in hour of need,  
 Her last resolve were vain.  
 They thought it love and modesty,  
 And left her to her musings free.

## XVII.

Her marriage day is nearly spent ;  
 She eagerly views the sun's descent ;  
 His western beams already kiss  
 The ocean's distant rim.  
 " Oh, to be there 'twere heavenly bliss,  
 Oh, to be there with him,  
 Oh, to be yon wild sea-bird free,  
 That lightly mounts on high  
 And bathes its wings in azure light,  
 The blue of summer sky.  
 I'd fly away to that fair clime,  
 The home of my chieftain brave ;  
 I'd find him on the stormy sea,  
 On the wild and foamy wave ;  
 I'd rest me on the bending mast,  
 And watch him from above ;  
 I'd charm him with my breast so white,  
 With a breast of purest love."

## XVIII.

" Will my spirit soar, like the sea-bird white,  
 Or roam beneath the wave ?  
 Will I soar away to the bright sun's height,  
 Or dwell in some bright coral cave ?

Will I still feel the same wild love,  
 If dwelling in bright realms above ;  
 The same wild love that haunts me now,  
 In coral halls the waves below ?  
 The burning pangs that haunt my breast,  
 Will they disturb my future rest ?  
 And shall I hope, and watch, and wait,  
 Dreading an ever-impending fate ?  
 Or shall I, clothed in robes of white,  
 Ascend to endless realms of light,  
 Beyond the stars' mysterious dome,  
 The pakeha's celestial home—  
 Perhaps to meet my lover there,  
 And all his heavenly pleasures share ?  
 Or to the Maori's Reinga blest,  
 Caves of sweet perpetual rest,  
 There all the warriors brave unite  
 To spend the hours in sweet delight.  
 Alas ! my heart, I cannot tell,  
 But this I know, and know full well,  
 That ere the last expiring ray,  
 That flickers o'er our trysting bay,  
 Has died upon the western sea,  
 My home I'll view where'er it be."

## XIX.

Such her thoughts on her marriage night,  
 Watching the sun's declining might,  
 Dreaming of death and dreaming of love,  
 Dreaming of heavens below and above ;



Dreaming of him, her pale faced chief,  
 Forgetting awhile her mighty grief;  
 Till wakened by a mighty tramp,  
 The wild blood-curdling song and stamp  
 Of fiercest haka !—wild war-dance—  
 That quickly woke her from her trance.  
 And there upon the eastern hill  
 She saw what made her blood run chill—  
 Her father's tribe and Rewi's band  
 In mimic warfare, hand to hand,  
 With spears high brandishing in air,  
 Glittering in the sun's last glare.

## xx.

Reader kind, if thou perchance  
 Hast never heard the wild war-dance,  
 The ' haka ' fierce, the guttural notes,  
 Issuing from a thousand throats ;  
 Shaking the earth for leagues around  
 With measured step on hardened ground ;  
 The fearful sights of wild grimace,  
 Contortions of the heathen face,  
 With deadly weapons keeping time  
 In a wild and deafening chime ;  
 Till all the slaves and female train  
 Add their shrieks to swell their strain,  
 Waving on high their kerchiefs white,  
 Urging their lords to desperate fight !

If thou such desperate sight hast seen,  
 Small wonder for her fear, I ween ;  
 Nor marvel that I truly said  
 Oaneti's blood ran chill with dread.

## XXI.

Thus, as she viewed the dance with fear,  
 A savage song came loud and clear,  
 And echoes from the wooded glen  
 Shouted back the words again,--  
 The wooded glen where stand the caves  
 Of her ancestors' warriors' graves.  
 The kaka, screaming, sought its nest  
 In the hoar puriri's hollow breast ;  
 The tui-bird left unsung its song,  
 The rimu's downy leaves among ;  
 The kokako, with timid glance,  
 Hastened from its near advance,  
 And sought a more secure retreat  
     Far away in the wild domain,  
 Where man's harsh voice might never greet  
     Its musical ears again.  
 The ruru, shy, with ruffled breast,  
 Left its mid-day place of rest ;  
 With silent wings it took its flight  
 To depths of cool, perpetual night.

## SONG.

## I.

Naumai !\* naumai ! mighty Rewi,  
Chieftain of the mountains blue ;  
Naumai, naumai ! brave in battle,  
Welcome here to kainga Tu.  
Lovely maiden waits to greet you,  
Daughter of a royal race ;  
Like soft sunshine on a river  
Are the smiles upon her face.

## II.

Naumai, naumai ! brave in battle,  
Chieftain of the wild hawk's eye,  
Thou art master of the mountains,  
Ruler of the earth and sky !  
Lovely maiden waits to greet you,  
Peerless maiden of thy choice ;  
Like the murmur of the brooklet  
Is the laughter of her voice.

## III.

Naumai, naumai ! mighty Rewi,  
Welcome here to kainga Tu ;  
None in swiftness can out-run thee,  
None in battle can out-do !  
Lovely maiden waits to greet you,  
Peerless maiden of thy choice ;  
Like the song of the kokako  
Are the sweet notes of her voice.

\* *Naumai*—Welcome.

## IV.

She will bid thee go to battle,  
 She alone thy kai prepare,  
 She will charm thee from all danger,  
 Traitor's knife or hostile snare.  
 In thy whare she will charm thee,  
 In thy peaceful hours of rest ;  
 When thou'rt weary for thy pillow  
 Thou shalt have her loving breast.

## XXII.

The echoes in the hills remote  
 Echoed back each savage note ;  
 Peak answered peak, in hollow sound,  
 Till in the distant forest drowned ;  
 All creatures there, and birds of air,  
 Retreating, sought some hidden lair.  
 Thus with haka, wild and brief,  
 Gave welcome to the mountain chief,  
 Who came in all his savage pride  
 To claim Oaneti for his bride.

## CANTO THE THIRD.

## I.

As the last notes died in hills afar,  
 Like prophet voices urging war,  
 The sable host made parting wide  
 For Rewi, who with stately stride

Passed proudly on by club and spear  
 Of many a warlike mountaineer,  
 Grasping in his hand of might  
 A green-stone mènè, long and bright.  
 Such weapon none but he could wield,  
 Forming a weapon, guard, and shield ;  
 Modelled by old warriors brave  
 In some southern green-stone cave,  
 Or captured from some ancient pa  
 By his hand in bloody war.

## II.

But if 'tis true what legends tell,  
 'Twas worked in some wild ocean cell,  
 For Taniwha, to whom 'twas given,  
 To guard the entrance gate of heaven,  
 To which bold Rewi entrance craved.  
 The Taniwha then fiercely waved  
 His mighty mènè, threatening death  
 To him who dared, with mortal breath,  
 Thus to pass the sacred bounds  
 Of the Reinga's tapued grounds.  
 But mighty Rewi could not brook  
 Such gesture wild and haughty look.  
 He grasped his spear of Pata strong,  
 And closed in conflict fierce and long,  
 And slew him on the entrance stone,  
 Where weary spirits sit them down  
 And wash their feet in ocean spray

Ere they gain the sacred way  
 That leads them to the happy strand,  
 The Maori's reinga—pleasure land.  
 And now in triumph through the fight  
 He wields the war-rior's mace bright.

## III.

Advancing thus, he stately came  
 Oaneti's hand to proudly claim,  
 A tattooed warrior, wild and grim,  
 Fierce of mien and large of limb.  
 All the passions that disgrace  
 Were stamped upon his heathen face.  
 Royal feathers, large and rare,  
 Bristled from his shaggy hair,  
 And from his ears hung green-stone rings,  
 Proudly worn by mountain kings ;  
 And round his neck, like necklace strung,  
 In horrid length, huge shark-teeth hung ;  
 And on his face, the fierce tattoo.  
 Such the chief of the mountains blue,  
 The mighty Rewi, her lord to be,  
 By her father's stern decree.

## IV.

Oaneti stood as in a trance,  
 Nor stirred or moved at his advance ;  
 But like a goddess of romance  
 In maiden's queenly height.

If life were there, you scarce could tell,  
 Save by her breast that rose and fell  
 Like ocean's wild uneven swell

Before a stormy night.

She bore upon her lovely face  
 The outlines of the Maori race,  
 But with a sweeter, purer grace,

Than e'er was Maori maid ;  
 Since she who fell upon the sand  
 By savage chieftain's murderous hand,  
 A sacrifice to this sweet land,  
 Whose memory ne'er can fade !

v.

But from her eyes, that wont to gleam  
 Softer light than evening beam,  
 Western beam of dying day  
 Could not emit a brighter ray ;  
 Morning glint of tropic sun  
 Could not show a brighter one.  
 The softest star in heaven above  
 Could not shine so full of love ;  
 No varying tints of ocean blue  
 E'er could match their changeless hue ;  
 Nor earth, nor sky, nor sea below,  
 Could vie with depth their faintest glow ;  
 Fired with light from heaven above,  
 Softest ray of virgin love,  
 Full of soul, though heathen, she

Defied the eye of scrutiny !  
 But now a wild unnatural light,  
 Like the gleam in boreal night,  
 Like the tinted shafts that fly  
 Athwart the blue of Arctic sky ;  
 Like the falling meteor's glare  
 Through the midnight frosty air,  
 So changed, her lover scarce would know,  
 Had he seen that altered glow  
 That shone in her angelic eye,  
 As the dreaded chief drew nigh.

## VI.

She seemed to see not Rewi nigh,  
 But stood transfixed with flashing eye ;  
 When suddenly—'twas her last chance—  
 He halted from his swift advance,  
 And stood to view his captive bride—  
 His trusty chiefs on either side—  
 When, wakening from the dangerous spell,  
 She gazed on him she knew too well ;  
 And like the hound's impetuous dash,  
 When loosened from the galling leash,  
 Or steed unheld by curbing rein,  
 Bounds across the distant plain,  
 Or like the barque, from bonds set free,  
 Bounds across the billowy sea.



## VII.

He stood one moment still and mute,  
His brows in dubious anger bent ;  
Then from his eyes dark flashes shoot—  
He seems to guess her wild intent,  
And with a voice the dead might hear,  
And crouch within their graves with fear ;  
His features like a demon's seem,  
His flashing eyes like death-fires gleam !  
“ Away ! pursue ! ” he madly cried,  
“ To him who brings my wayward bride  
Safely back, to him I'll give  
The brightest honours while I live ;  
A chief of rank none can gainsay ;  
Advance, ye braves ! pursue, away ! ”  
Out leapt many a warrior then,  
The swiftest of his sable train,  
Every wit and nerve to strain,  
The chieftain's tempting offers gain.

## VIII.

Meanwhile Oaneti, flying still,  
Reached the high summit of the hill,—  
The hill whose lengthy spur sloped down,  
And o'er the sea with massy frown  
Abruptly fell, with rocky base,  
Into ocean's cold embrace.  
And lo ! beneath her in the bay,  
Her lover's long-watched vessel lay !

With anchor down, but sails still spread,  
 His signal at the tall mast-head.  
 She stood one second on the height,  
 As if to doubt her wearied sight ;  
 But near approach of Rewi's crew  
 Warned her that 't was all too true ;  
 And bounding off the summit high,  
 Frenzied by hope of rescue nigh ;  
 Followed down the steep decline  
 By warriors stout of Rewi's line—  
 Warriors tried on battle plain ;  
 While she, her tresses unconfined  
 Floating on the eastern wind,  
 Seemed all immortal, half divine,  
 Flying down the steep decline.  
 Nearing now the precipice  
 That overlooked the deep abyss,  
 That yawned a hundred feet below,  
 Where ocean waves tumultuous flow.

## IX.

On she came, like wild duck's flight,  
 That cut the air at dead of night ;  
 While scarce six yards behind her back,  
 Yelling, comes fierce Rewi's pack !  
 And Rewi, foremost of his band,  
 Already clenches firm his hand.  
 A few more bounds their fates decree,  
*Behind her foes, before the sea !*

But welcome thrice the roaring deep,  
 Though she should die from such a leap,  
 'T were sweeter far to die and feel  
 Her pale faced lover loved her still ;  
 And with a last wild piercing shriek,  
 She leapt from off the dizzy peak !  
 Down, down into the roaring main  
 That seethed a hundred feet below !  
 Oh, ne'er may mortal gaze again  
 On her bright eye and noble brow.  
 Vain, vain her lover's arms to save,  
 The wild waves closed above her grave ;  
 Vain rowed her lover o'er the place,  
 His eager eye could see no trace  
 Of her he loved ; his cries were vain,  
 She sank and never rose again !

## x.

Oh lover, 'tis not in my power  
 To paint thy thoughts in that wild hour,  
 Thy feelings tell, or looks descry ;  
 It is enough, thou sawest her die,  
 And thy young arm, though strong and brave,  
 Unable to help, still more to save.  
 Though thy true face and hardened brow,  
 Used to danger's hardening power,  
 Doth not much emotion show  
*E'en in such a chilling hour ;*

But from his heart emotions rise,  
 Emotions, not of weakening tears ;  
 Not such as vent their grief in cries,  
 To last at most a few short years ;  
 But grief that none but heroes feel,  
 Not from the eyes but from the heart,—  
 The anguish of a heart of steel  
 Dries the tears that fain would start.

## XI.

Though the tears that fain would start,  
 Are dried or driven from his eyes  
 Back to the source from whence they start,  
 Back to their source, the grieving heart,  
 From whence they flow, and starting still,  
 Are still forced back by manly will ;  
 Though all unseen, congealed there,  
 They add but fuel to despair.  
 Nought could heal his heart bereft,  
 Nought could fill the place she left,  
 Nor sought he thus to fill again  
 The aching void that caused his pain.  
 Eternal sorrow filled his mind,  
 And thus his future life consigned  
 To mourn her loss, nor to abate  
 His grief for loved Oaneti's fate.

## XII.

But still he rowed and lingered near  
 The Maori maiden's watery grave,

In hopes to find some souvenir  
Floating on the heaving wave --  
A token that his soul could keep,  
Something that his heart could prize,  
Of her who sank beneath the deep,  
And died before a lover's eyes.

XIII.

At last, upon the surface blue,  
Floating lank like sea-weed there,  
He saw a speck of darker hue,  
And grasped it, 'twas a plait of hair !  
Whereon was tied, in shape of cross,  
Oaneti's badge of scented moss,  
A souvenir of memories past,  
That he could keep while life should last,  
Of her, who, loving, died to prove  
The depth of pure, unselfish love.  
" Oh love of mine, last Christmas eve  
I left thee in thy native pride,  
And this is now the Christmas eve,  
I swore to make thee my loved bride.  
Where art thou now, oh faithful heart,  
That waited long for my return ?  
Alas ! these questions wildly smart,  
And in my bursting bosom burn."

XIV.

But hark ! he hears a savage yell  
Echoing from the neighbouring height,  
(*The height from which Oaneti fell*)

Rings on the solemn air of night,  
 And one more daring than the rest,  
 'Twas Rewi stood upon the crest  
 Of a dizzy rock ; his mighty form  
 Looked like a spirit of the storm ;  
 And, dancing there with wild grimace,  
 Shook his spear in Oscar's face.  
 Young Oscar shook with frantic ire,  
 Maddened by grief's consuming fire ;  
 He seized his gun that near him lay,  
 Urged by revenge to deeds of blood ;  
 But still forbore and turned away ;  
 He meant to shoot him where he stood,  
 But no, his noble British heart  
 Scorned to act so mean a part.  
 He would not cold advantage take,  
 Not even for revenge's sake.

## xv.

But now the pitying wings of night  
 Veil all objects from his sight.  
 Mournful like a funereal knell,  
 As o'er the reef the breakers fell ;  
 Mournful was the breeze's dirge,  
 Mingling with the moaning surge,  
 And from the open sea huge flocks  
 Of sea-birds settled on the rocks,  
 With boding shriek and breasts of white,  
 Ranged in rows along the shore ;  
 Giving a wild look to the night,  
 And mystery to the ocean's roar.

## XVI.

“ O cruel sea, can’st still roll on  
O’er so many noble graves ;  
Can’st cast a summer face of charm  
O’er the crests of thy wild waves ?  
To-night wild visions crowd my mind,  
Spirits of air and sea combined,  
Moanings and dirges round me flow,  
Whispering winds and requiems low,  
And stranger birds with wings of white  
Hover round with silent flight.  
Gurgling eddies float and whirl  
Round my boat in mystic curl.  
Rocks gigantic loom in air,  
Like old ruins dark and bare ;  
Even the stars from heaven’s floor  
Seem to lend a mystic lore.  
All the elements combined  
Depressing thus my suffering mind ;  
Do but mourn the loss of one  
That I had thought to mourn alone.

## XVII.

“ Oh blue cold sea, beneath thy tide  
Sleeps my own, my Maori bride !  
Oh, I had loved on thee to roam,  
Thou wert my joy, my only home ;  
I’ve sought thy terrors, braved thy wrath,  
Through wildering storms I’ve made my path ;

I loved thy face when storms descend,  
 The racking wind I called my friend ;  
 But now my soul no more can prize  
 The gloomy glories of thy skies.  
 My heart is broken, seared and lone,  
 Wakened by thy treacherous moan ;  
 Wakened from my long, wild dream,  
 Things are not always what they seem ;  
 To-morrow the blushing sun will rise,  
 Brightening the face of thy wild skies,  
 Driving the night of gloom away,  
 Kissing the surface of this bay,  
 Whose waves will ripple, and murmuring fall,  
 No sign of death or ocean squall  
 Glitter and glisten, inviting and free,  
 Oh, most cruel, treacherous sea,  
 All my hopes are in thee laid,  
 Treacherous grave of my sweet maid.

## XVIII.

" I loved her, yes, though bigots prove  
 The sin of such unnatural love ;  
 I loved her, and I love her still,  
 Nor could I change my wayward will.  
 Oaneti, with thee strays my soul,  
 Though wild winds sweep and oceans roll  
 Above thy young devoted head,  
 That loved me till life's spark had fled ;  
 Above thy young and faithful heart



That could not, would not, prove untrue.  
 Oh flower of all that's good thou art,  
 Long shall my crushed spirit rue  
 Thy loss, and love thy memory sweet,  
 The short bright day of pleasures fleet  
 That passed, and made my bosoms' glow,  
 The aimless thing that mourns thee now.  
 Enough, my Maori maid, adieu ;  
 These splintered crags that meet my view  
 Do but fan increasing pain,  
 May I ne'er see their peaks again.  
 Though I had loved their grandeur wild,  
 When nature's every beauty smiled,  
 'Tis changed, alas, since they have proved  
 The death of one my spirit loved.  
 Adieu, these passions do but swell  
 My bursting heart, farewell, farewell !

## XIX.

"I'll steer my barque to some far shore,  
 And lead a lonely hermit's life ;  
 In a lonely land for evermore,  
 Far from scenes of human strife,  
 Far in the haunts of the leafy west,  
 Lonely and wild my home shall be,  
 And mourn for her who sank to rest  
 Beneath a southern sea."

xx.

From the prow of his dingy light  
 The waves dash off in phosphorous bright,  
 As back he swiftly rowed his course  
     And climbed the vessel's lea,  
 And in a whisper, sad and hoarse,  
     He pointed to the open sea ;  
 Then loosened from her moorings there,  
 Boldly the good ship sped,  
 And when the rosy morning light  
     Stole into the tragic bay,  
 Never a speck or sail in sight,  
     Young Oscar was far away !

xxi.

The Maories still with gloom relate  
 The story of Oaneti's fate,  
 They say when blooms the Christmas tree,  
 She rises from the foamy sea  
 And sits upon the trysting stone,  
 Singing in a low and mournful tone,  
 Still gazing out beyond the reef,  
 Waiting for her pale-faced chief.  
 Like sea-weed hangs her tangled hair,  
 Decked with shells of ocean rare ;  
 Enveloped all in wings of white,  
 Dripping o'er with phosphorous light.  
 There every night she sits and sings  
     Until the Christmas flowers are dead,

Then unfolding her glittering wings,  
She flies to her deep sea bed.

---

Gentlest reader, if my lay,  
Broken though its strain may be,  
Has awakened in thy breast  
Just one thought of sympathy ;  
If thy mind can fancy one,  
Noble in a heathen clime,  
A creature with a noble heart  
Like the maiden of my rhyme ;  
If with mind unbiassed, free,  
Can'st clasp a darker brother's hand,  
And doubt not that there's noble hearts  
And pure minds in every land ;  
Can hope and labour for the good,  
For his brother's future weal ;  
Nor doubt not that the Maori rude  
Can love and slight most keenly feel ;  
To such an one, with trustful heart,  
My little poem of truth and love  
I offer, well repaid and blest,  
If it can but a pleasure prove.

NARRATIVE POEMS.



## Minnie.

"COME with me, sweet sister Minnie (put your writing things away),

Down the spur of Rangitoto\* that overlooks the silvery bay.

You are pale, sweet sister Minnie, sad and dim your lovely eyes,

Come into the ocean breezes, underneath the clear blue skies.

"Haste thee, for the sun is sinking, colouring all with crimson shade ;

We'll go watch the 'Merry Maiden' outward bound—the anchor's weighed.

We shall see the bright sun sinking behind yon mountain's purple rim,

And yon silken pennon fluttering, fading in the distance dim.

"You are weeping, sister Minnie ! Why should tears bedim your eye ?

Everything seems bright and happy,—Minnie darling, tell me why ?

\* A headland on the right hand side of the entrance to the Mangonui harbour.

Are you ill or are you sad, love ; is there aught that  
gives you pain ?

Tell me, darling, all that grieves you, and be merry  
once again !”

“ Yes, sweet sister, you guess rightly, heart of mine is  
full of pain ;

Mystic visions float before me, daze and dim my eyes  
and brain.

Ring in my ears and memory, words of parting  
sad and low :—

‘ Minnie, darling, I must leave you ; Minnie, darling, I  
must go.’

“ ‘ Angels bless and guard you, Minnie, with their best  
and tenderest love,

I shall come to claim you, Minnie, sure as shine the  
stars above ;

Earth has many a radiant maiden watching, waiting  
to be won,

But they are unto my Minnie as the stars are to the  
sun.’

“ Sister, do not think I’m dreaming ; it is true, oh heart  
of mine,

Underneath yon starry banner stands my love, young  
Argentine.

Yes ! he came, and wooed and won me, with his noble  
manly grace ;

Swore by heaven and earth to love me, as he kissed  
my pale pale face.

“And in parting—ah ! that parting !—uttered words so  
sweet and low :

‘Minnie, darling, I must leave you ; Minnie, darling, I  
must go !

All things pure and holy bless you, keep and guard  
you, my own love ;

I shall come to claim you, Minnie, by the heaven that  
bends above.’

“Sister think, the raging ocean, angry billows white  
with foam,

Will he cross the sea in safety, will he reach his dis-  
tant home ?

Oh, so sadly sighs the north wind ’midst the hoary  
forest trees ;

My soul seems influenced by the murmur and the  
sighing of the breeze.

“Winds that whisper ‘Never, never,’ murmur in my  
listening ears,

And a curtain black as midnight seems to veil the  
future years ;

But a noble form is standing, standing boldly out  
through all,

Like some storm-defying headland where the sea-borne  
breakers fall.

“Do I grieve without a reason, looking at the darkest  
side ?

Is there joy in store for me, and dare I hope to be his  
bride ?



Ah, distinctly I remember all the words he said to me  
When he left me, sad and weeping, 'neath the spreading  
cypress tree—

“ ‘ Earth has many a radiant maiden watching, waiting  
to be won,  
But they are unto my darling as the stars are to the  
sun ;  
Trust me, Minnie, trust me, darling ; by my love I will  
be true.  
Trust me with your fullest faith, dear ; trust me still as  
I trust you.’

“ But the dangers are so many, and temptations are so  
strong,  
Love and passion are but mortal and forgotten like a  
song ;  
As the roses fade and open, and the evenings go and  
come,  
Will he think of waiting Minnie in her North Zea-  
landia home ? ”

### Death of the White Spirit.

WILD the night, the long waves madly  
 Dashed upon the shore, and sadly,  
     Wildly, fiercely blew the blast ;  
 And the good ship, "Chieftain's Daughter,"  
 Struggling in the seething water,  
     Drifted all o'erpowered at last,  
     Was fiercely on the sharp rocks cast.

There the young chief watched intently  
 Something moving slow and faintly,  
     Lashed unto a broken spar,  
 Carried by a seventh billow  
 High upon a sandy pillow,  
     Far above the fretting jar  
     Of the breaker's constant war.

'Twas a young and beauteous maiden  
 Seeming dead, all water laden,  
     Save a wild uncertain sigh.  
 Then he carefully unbound her,  
 Wrapped his flaxen tartan round her,  
     And her long night robes to dry  
     By a fire he lighted nigh.

Loud his wild heart beat with wonder  
As the dread vociferous thunder  
    Reverberated through the air.  
He thought her some skyborn angel,  
Some sweet spirit or evangel,  
    As the lightning's vivid glare  
    Showed her features white and fair.

Till at length, become more bolden,  
He raised her tresses long and golden,  
    Saw her blue eyes' fading light ;  
Raised her hair from sandy pillow,  
Soaked with phosphorous from the billow,  
    Dried it in the warm fire-light,  
    Warmed her soft hands cold and white.

Still her eye he watched intently,  
As her life was ebbing faintly,  
    With an anxious lover's care,  
Never yet in time's division  
Was mortal blest by such a vision ;  
    A warrior wild by firelight glare,  
    In his arms a maiden fair.

Suddenly she started, eying  
Him who held her, cold and dying ;  
    Surprise and fear her look expressed,  
All her looks amazement wearing,  
Right into his wild face staring ;  
    Then she sank, as going to rest,  
    And died upon his savage breast.

But he stayed there till the morrow  
 Shone upon his new-found sorrow,  
 And the lovely maiden dead.  
 All his warriors gathered round him,  
 Deep in sorrow still they found him ;  
 Long the spark of life had fled,  
 Still he raised her lovely head.

Then they bore her o'er the mountain  
 Where a far-off, warm lake-fountain  
 Its green shores softly lave ;  
 Where the mighty rocks seem shifted  
 By some subtle power uplifted ;  
 There, within a dismal cave,  
 Made the dead white spirit's grave.

Then outspoke a prophet Maori  
 Standing 'neath a lofty kauri,  
 Round him all the warriors stand ;  
 Pointing where the white-faced daughter  
 Slept beside the warm lake water  
 With a long and magic wand  
 Which he held within his hand :

" Wail, ye warriors, weep, oh maiden,  
 For this land with beauty laden,  
 Dead is now the sacred sprite.  
 Last night, Tu, the God of plunder  
 Hurl'd her with loud peals of thunder,  
 Down into the stormy night,  
 Evil now asserts its might ! "

### The Land of the Tall Kauri Tree.

THEY sing of a clime, the dominion of roses,  
 Where the sweet balmy perfume floats out on the  
 breeze,  
 Where the nightingale sings when the eventide closes,  
 And the soft wingèd zephyrs steal out from the  
 trees ;  
 Of the cypress and myrtle they sing in sweet numbers,  
 And the beauties that gleam in an orient sea ;  
 But give me the land where the wild Maori slumbers,  
 The bright sunny land of the tall kauri tree.

They sing of the West in rapt strains of devotion,  
 The land of the birch-wood and high towering pine,  
 Where the grand Mississippi rolls out to the ocean  
 And mingles its floods with the yeasty brine,  
 Where Longfellow sung in his soul-stirring numbers ;  
 Oh how delightful his measures would be  
 Had he seen this land where the wild Maori slumbers,  
 The bright sunny land of the tall kauri tree.

Vain would it be to tell all the long pages  
 Written in praise of Britannia the brave,  
 Praises of valour from bards of all ages,  
 Of the "thundering oak" on the foamy wave.

But had those famed bards when the world they had  
rounded,  
Seen this fair Isle, the gem of the sea,  
I know their wild harps would then have resounded  
In praise of the land of the tall kauri tree.

I've climbed to the summits of wild northern  
mountains,  
Through forests that are dense to their topmost  
heights,  
And wandered down by bright crystal fountains,  
Guided alone by the glow-worms' pale lights ;  
But oh, for a measure of love and devotion,  
To sing of my home, Zealandia the free !  
A song of the peerless, the gem of the ocean,  
The bright sunny land of the tall kauri tree.

**The Tui Bird.****PART I.**

BIRD of my native wilds,  
Beautiful stranger,  
Perched on that kauri tree  
Free from all danger.  
Beneath its green branches  
Waters are flowing,  
Serenely and softly  
Zephyrs are blowing.

Sing me a native song,  
Song of New Zealand,  
Song of our island home,  
Song of our free land ;  
A song of the ancient days,  
The mighty departed,  
Of lover so brave,  
Or maiden true-hearted.

A song of this wild place,  
'This sky-reaching kauri,  
Some ancient tradition  
Of warrior Maori.

Sweet bird of the forest,  
 Oft thou art singing  
 Where ancient vines are  
 Swaying and swinging.

Down in the darkest depths,  
 So wild and lonely,  
 Stillness broken by  
 Thy voice only ;  
 There in the forest where  
 None but the kiwi,  
 Or the kukupa can  
 Hear thee or see thee.

Now here on this kauri,  
 By this bright river,  
 Oh carol so sweetly  
 Worthy the giver.  
 Oh sing on, sweet songster,  
 Sing on for ever,  
 No harm shall befall thee  
 Never, no never !

#### PART II.

" Son of the pale face,  
 Prince of the ocean,  
 Wouldst listen to my  
 Sad song of devotion ?



Would'st learn the deep secret  
That round thee prevails,  
Which wonderment guesses  
But utterly fails?

“ There in the ferny dell,  
By that tall kauri,  
Sleeps a wild maiden,  
A warrior Maori.  
Blessed by brave Heki  
And tapooed for ever,  
No harm shall befall her,  
Never, no never !

“ Years, years before ever  
The pakeha landed,  
Or ever New Zealand's  
Shore had been stranded,  
There came a fierce chieftain,  
In war's dark array,  
To capture this princess  
And bear her away.

“ But Hongi, wild Hongi,  
A chieftain that sought her,  
Came in his war-gear  
From the west water,  
And swore by his fathers,  
Their spirits to tend him,  
To guard the lone maiden  
While life should befriend him.

" They met in dread battle  
On yonder mountain,  
And red was the water  
Of yonder fountain.  
When victory was shouted,  
Their enemies flying,  
Brave Hongi was found  
All bleeding and dying.

" Then far fled the maiden  
To this mountain recess,  
As if in its wilderness  
To hide her distress.  
But none ever knew  
That their queen was lying  
Where the forest leaves were  
Falling and dying.

" Oh sweet blow the breezes  
From the far ocean,  
And waft the tall ferns  
Into gentlest motion.  
Here by this bright river  
I shall sing ever,  
And desert her lone grave  
Never, no never ! "

**The Texan Ranger's Bride.**

"O WILT thou leave thy lovely home  
Of stately wealth and pride,  
To bloom a lonely prairie flower,  
A Texan ranger's bride ?  
Senorita fair, come fly with me  
Where wild magnolias grow ;  
I've brought a mustang fleet as wind,  
Celestie, don't say 'no.'

"Not in the brilliant fandango  
Met I thee, my love,  
Nor on the lovely Rio Grande  
Where water spirits rove ;  
But in the thorny chaparrals,  
Captured by redskin foe,  
I fought and conquered, bore thee hence.  
Celestie, don't say 'no.'

"My distant cabin is of logs,  
But love shall there abide ;  
And what are castles without love,  
Or all their wealth beside ?

For thee I'll work and win renown,  
No care you e'er shall know,  
If you will fly and be my bride.  
Celestie, don't say 'no.'

"With me a mustang you shall ride,  
And range the prairie o'er,  
The wary Indian, from thy home  
Shall bear thee off no more.  
Senorita fair, your eyes are dark,  
With passionate love they glow,  
Say yes, or else my heart will break ;  
Celestie, don't say 'no.'"

"Noble Texan, the life you saved  
From future worse than death  
Shall never cease to love thy form  
So long as it hath breath.  
Yes, I'm thine love, hand and heart,  
This kiss shall seal our vow ;  
So sure as shine the stars above,  
Celestie won't say 'no.'"

### Death of the Maori Chief.

WOUNDED in his whare, dying,  
Was the Maori chieftain lying ;  
All his warriors sat around him,  
Sorrow deep in every look.  
He to battle in the morning,  
Thoughts of death and danger scorning ;  
In the eventide they found him  
On the field he ne'er forsook.

Still his eye a gleam retaineth  
Of a fire that still remaineth ;  
Of a soul that laughed at danger,  
Spite of pain and death's embrace :  
And though heathen, had emotions  
Deeper far than heathen notions ;  
But hatred of the white-faced stranger  
Showed upon his tattooed face.

With a voice that once like thunder  
Led his warriors on to plunder,  
Now no more than just a whisper,  
Choked by blood that filled his throat,

He to those that lingered near him,  
 In his dying hour to cheer him,  
 Slowly, in prophetic whisper,  
 Thus his parting farewell spoke :

“ Warriors brave, though I am dying,  
 Though your leader now is lying,  
 Rush to battle ! Rush to glory !  
 Rush on those that seek your land !  
 Show them that the warrior Maori  
 Can endure like the kauri,  
 Like the kauris old and hoary,  
 That through the tempests firmly stand.

“ Like the kauri’s lofty station  
 Thus shall stand the Maori nation ;  
 Fight, brave warriors, fight and conquer  
 Till the strangers leave our shore.  
 They, in guise of love pretending,  
 Do but seek our lonely ending ;  
 Fight and drive them o’er the ocean !  
 Drive them from our native shore ! ”

Then his warrior soul departed,  
 (Left his comrades broken hearted),  
 To the northern caves of glory,  
 To the warriors’ home of rest.  
 Fiercely tattooed, death-defying,  
 Was his visage e’en when dying ;  
 Thus a mighty soul departed  
 To the Reinga of the blest.

### A Graveyard of the Sea.

I stood within a wild and desolate bay,  
Hemmed in by cliffs that seemed to bar the day,  
And frowning rocks that rose to dizzy height,  
In grandeur wild, defying heaven's might.  
Half buried in the drifting sand there lay  
Remnants of mighty vessels in decay,  
While from these wrecks a voice came unto me,  
"This is a graveyard, a graveyard of the sea."

The sea was calm, but a wild sullen sound,  
As if exhausted with an eternal round  
Of storms, the baffled waves rolled sad the while  
Against the mighty rocks that guard our isle !  
And the little forsaken lonely bay,  
To all fierce raging storms a prey,  
Seemed hewn from the ancient rocks to be  
A sacred place, a graveyard of the sea !

Dark clouds arose out of the stormy east,  
The lightning flashed and the fierce winds increased,  
And the once smooth sea, now raging foaming white,  
Dashed against the tall cliffs and spurned their height ;

Or into awful caverns, dark and deep,  
With thundering sound the maddened billows sweep,  
Dashing amid the broken spars with glee,  
Glorying in the ruin of the sea.

What lordly vessels in their strength and state  
Have foundered here ! lost, and unknown their fate ;  
Have sunk unheeded in the ocean's roar,  
To visit home and native climes no more.  
What loved ones' cherished hopes have perished, gone,  
Destined to tread this weary world alone.  
What sorrow and grief date back their memory  
To this direful place—this graveyard of the sea !



### The Captive's Wife.

LONE I wander, lone I wander,  
 Noblest, truest Alexander,  
     In this cold, unfriendly city,  
 Thy lonely cell they will not show me,  
 A message short will not allow me ;  
 No one seems to care or know me,  
     Or to pity,  
     To pity !

Oh, so weary, cold and weary,  
 Thinking of thy cell so dreary,  
     (That cell accursed, where'er it be),  
 When the storm comes fiercely beating  
 'Gainst the pane with noisy greeting,  
 And the midnight hours are fleeting,  
     I think of thee,  
     Of thee !

Oh, sweet heaven, righteous heaven !  
 That to martyrs strength has given,  
     Enduring strength will give to thee,  
 Though all thy cruel foes ally,

Their impish schemes of sin defy ;  
Oh, Aleck dear, do not deny  
Thy faith for me,  
For me !

I can suffer, bear and suffer,  
Boldly face both foe and scoffer,  
Thinking only of thy love ;  
But the dew of death's descending,  
And I see my lonely ending,  
And my weary spirit ascending  
To realms above,  
Realms above !

Still I wander, still I wander,  
Noblest, truest Alexander,  
Where the night winds moan and sigh,  
Cold and weary and forsaken,  
Like a reed all bent and shaken,  
Ere the morn I shall awaken,  
Home on high,  
On high !

**Blanche de Vere, or a Tress of Raven Hair.**

THROUGH the dreary streets of Paris,  
 One stormy night, there passed  
 A fragile girl, with tender form  
 Exposed to the stinging blast.

With tattered shawl she tried to hide  
 Her bosom's matchless mould,  
 But the north wind pierced her snowy breast,  
 Through the ragged mantle's fold.

Alas, that such a tender form  
 Should brave the streets so late ;  
 In such a storm, at such an hour,  
 What might not be her fate ?

But suddenly she stayed her steps,  
 Beneath the lamp-light's glare,  
 And wiped a tear from her bright eye,  
 And smoothed her raven hair,

Which hung in many a graceful curl  
 Down to her heavenly zone ;  
 'Twas all the wealth that she possessed,  
 'Twas all she called her own.

But why should she at such a time  
Arrange her raven hair,  
Beneath the blinding sleet and rain,  
By the lamplight's livid glare ?

Human grief takes many a shape,  
And this is one, I trow,  
But she has started on her course,  
Its cause we soon shall know.

Her mien is noble, and her dress  
Seems to have once been gay,  
Her graceful form, and carriage light,  
Bespoke a happier day.

Quickly she sped along her way  
Against the stinging sleet,  
That filled the air above her head  
And pools beneath her feet.

And save hers in this lonely street  
No step on path or stone,  
She seemed a spirit from some far world  
Wandering here alone.

She hurried on to a friseur's door,  
And stood one moment there ;  
Once more she brushed away a tear,  
And smoothed her raven hair.

She entered with a fairy's step  
So graceful, light and free,  
The ideal form of a woodland nymph,  
Or meriad from the sea.

With timid glance she looked around  
The room so warm and bright,  
To see that none were lurking there  
To see her shame that night.

Her lovely eyes were blind with tears,  
Her cheeks were crimson red,  
She could not speak for utter shame,  
But hung her curly head.

Then in a low and mournful voice,  
But sweet as south wind's sigh,  
She to the waiting friseur spoke,  
And raised her tearful eye :

"How much will you give for my glossy curl,  
For my long and raven hair?  
'Twas braided once by a mother's hand,  
And curled by a mother's care.

"But now that mother languishes  
Upon a cold hard bed,  
For want of medicine, clothes and fire,  
And even for want of bread.

“ My father was a soldier brave ;  
 Alas ! where is he now ?  
 He fell with thousands more who fell  
 'Mid Kussia's barren snow.

“ We had a princely mansion once,  
 Of stately name and pride ;  
 Pretenders vile have claimed it now,  
 Since my dear father died.

“ And from our old ancestral home  
 We've wandered many a day,  
 And now within a garret cold  
 My mother pines away.

“ And this is my last sacrifice  
 These raven locks of hair,  
 Oh, friseur, take and cut them off,  
 And give me what is fair.

“ Pride is not dead within my breast,  
 This sacrifice I make,  
 Not for myself or hunger's pangs,  
 But for a mother's sake.

“ It is my last resource, and when  
 The money all is gone,  
 I dare not think, and scarce dare hope,  
 But trust to God alone.”

"Times are hard," the friseur said,  
    Eyeing her curls with glee,  
"But as your tale seems somewhat sad,  
    Five florins I'll give to thee."

"Then quickly take my glossy curls,"  
    The sorrowing maiden said,  
And down upon her snowy breast,  
    She hung her lovely head.

The greedy friseur grasped her hair,  
    And eagerly essayed  
To take the wealth of raven hair  
    That graced her lovely head.

"Hold villain, hold!" a stern voice said,  
    "Touch not one single hair,  
Or, by St. George! thy miser soul  
    Shall seek another lair."

Then from the door there boldly came  
    Right swiftly to her side,  
A soldier youth who nobly stood  
    In all his manly pride.

"So villain, thought'st thou thus to cheat  
    A poor and lovely girl?  
A hundred florins I will give  
    For just one little curl!"

And from the friseur's trembling hand  
He proudly took the shears  
And cut one of the lovely curls  
That clustered round her ears.

"One hundred florins I gladly give,  
Though 'tis my only store ;  
This lonely maid hath need of it,  
And more, if I had more ! "

And then within her grateful palm  
He placed the promised gold,  
And wrapped her in his soldier cloak,  
To guard her from the cold.

His bright blue eye and manly form,  
His honest, winning smile,  
Proclaimed a British soldier brave,  
A son of Albion's isle.

She could not thank him, for her voice  
Was choked with love and fear ;  
But on his hard and sunburnt hand  
There fell one glittering tear.

Ah, tear ! more pure than morning dew  
That lies in lily's breast,  
Far more than words could ever do,  
Her gratitude expressed.



He walked with her through sleet and snow,  
 To where her mother lay,  
 And there received a priceless gift  
 Before she passed away.

She left in his true loving care  
 Her darling Blanche de Vere,  
 And conjured him to guard her well,  
 Than his own life more dear.

She thanked him for his bounteous heart,  
 And for deliverance given,  
 And blessed her children kneeling there,  
 Then passed away to heaven !

They laid her in a lonely grave,  
 No other friends were nigh,  
 And plighted vows above her head,  
 'Neath heaven's pitying eye.

Then leaving France they hopeful came  
 To a home in England fair,  
 And with a trusting heart he placed  
 Blanche in his father's care,

Till he by toil could win a home  
 To keep his lovely prize—  
 A bower to place so sweet a flower,  
 Reared 'neath summer skies.

They welcomed her with British love,  
This little fleur-de-lis ;  
She shared a mother's welcome kiss,  
A sister's greeting free.

And in her dark eyes' softer charm,  
That ever seemed the same,  
There shone a pure, but passionate love,  
A clear, increasing flame ;

A love for him whose manly heart  
Had now become her own,  
Who loved her when he saw her first  
In tattered shawl and gown.

But grief, alas ! in this dark world,  
Comes to the happiest heart,  
And those who love the fondest here  
The soonest seem to part.

War ! war ! alas, the tidings wild,  
Broke on their happy trance ;  
War ! war ! and with that sunny clime—  
Her native land of France.

Her lover, he must buckle on  
The old ancestral sword,  
Handed down from many a sire  
And many a warlike lord.

And she must pray for England now,  
 The home of Blanche de Vere ;  
 But many a sigh for France she gave,  
 And shed full many a tear.

And now the time of parting dread,  
 The pale and tear-stained face,  
 The clinging hands, the vows of love,  
 The last long love embrace.

" Farewell ! mine own sweet Blanche de Vere,  
 Farewell ! be true to me,  
 Remember in your maiden prayers  
 Your soldier o'er the sea."

Oh, Blanche de Vere, her heart will break,  
 She clings and prays in vain ;  
 He may not stay the parting hour,  
 Or bid farewell again !

Months passed, and then his letters ceased,  
 No tidings could she hear  
 Of him whose life was bound in hers,  
 Than her own soul more dear.

His honoured name that blazed awhile  
 Like meteor's short-lived glare,  
 She heard no more the public cry  
 Of " Long live brave St. Clare ! "

The postman still with cheerful face  
Brought letters every day,  
But still no news for Blanche de Vere,  
Who met him on his way.

“Oh love, hast thou forgotten me?  
No, no,—he loved too well;  
Or has thy noble spirit fled?  
Oh that some one could tell!

“Oh that I knew,” she madly cried,  
“If my brave love be dead,  
My spirit too would leave this earth,  
To where my lover’s fled!

“There’s naught for me to do but die,  
If he that I love best  
Has fallen in the battle dread,  
And sleeps his long last rest.”

The war had ceased with that dread fight,  
The far-famed Waterloo,  
And many a weeping maid was left  
To mourn her lover true.

And mothers, for their brave sons dead,  
Shed many a bitter tear;  
But grief in England was there none  
Like that of Blanche de Vere.

One summer night from tower and tree  
 The lengthening shadows fell,  
 And Blanche de Vere, as was her wont,  
 Sat in the leafy dell,

In quiet shades to nurse her grief  
 Amidst the pitying flowers,  
 And sing the songs she sung of yore  
 In childhood's happy hours.

And thus she sang, her lovely voice  
 In softest accents fell,  
 Till, shamed, the nightingale that night  
 Ne'er sang within the dell !

# SONG.

## I.

Lady, be true to your soldier brave,  
 Fighting for you,  
 Far from the sunny lands of France,  
 O'er ocean's blue.  
 As nightly he looks to the distant stars  
 Loved visions arise :  
 He thinks of those orbs brimming with love,  
 His darling's bright eyes.

## II.

Noble and true is his manly heart,  
 Fearing no foe ;  
 Faith in your love cheers him through  
 Desert and snow.  
 Oh, do not barter his priceless love  
 On vanity's shrine ;  
 Remember, his brave and trusting heart  
 Is wholly thine !

## III.

Though suitors rich, with titles proud,  
 Your love to woo,  
 Tell them your heart is far away  
 O'er ocean's blue.  
 This earth hath no equal charms to give  
 So happy, complete,  
 As when lovers that have parted for years  
 All lovingly meet.

A soldier passing near that way,  
 Stood all entranced to hear  
 Issuing from the silent dell  
 A song so sweet and clear.

And longed to see the songstress blest,  
 Whoever it might be—  
 Nymph of earth, or sprite of air,  
 Or neriad from the sea.

And close beside a hidden brook  
 He saw a picture rare,  
 Framed by flowers and ferns that bent  
 To kiss her raven hair.

He saw upon her pale sweet cheek  
 A pearly glittering tear,  
 And by her matchless orbs he knew  
 His own loved Blanche de Vere.

Starting, she seemed about to fly,  
 She knew not who was near ;  
 But something in his bright blue eye  
 Dispelled her maiden fear.

With fainting joy in his strong arms  
 She fell, then murmured low  
 Her welcome midst such tearful joy,  
 As only lovers know.

And from his faithful breast he took  
 A tress of raven hair,  
 With all its lustre dyed and dimmed,  
 Its glossy lustre rare.

“ Darling mine, upon this tress  
 The best blood of my veins  
 Has stained the lovely curls you gave,  
 In costly crimson stains.

"I've worn it through the stormy fight  
Where heroes fell and died,  
I've borne it over distant lands,  
And oceans wild and wide.

"I've worn it when they thought me dead,  
Painful months and drear.  
Oh, say you know and love me still,  
My own sweet Blanche de Vere."

That night in his ancestral hall  
That long so sad had been,  
For him they thought to see no more,  
Were happy hearts, I ween !

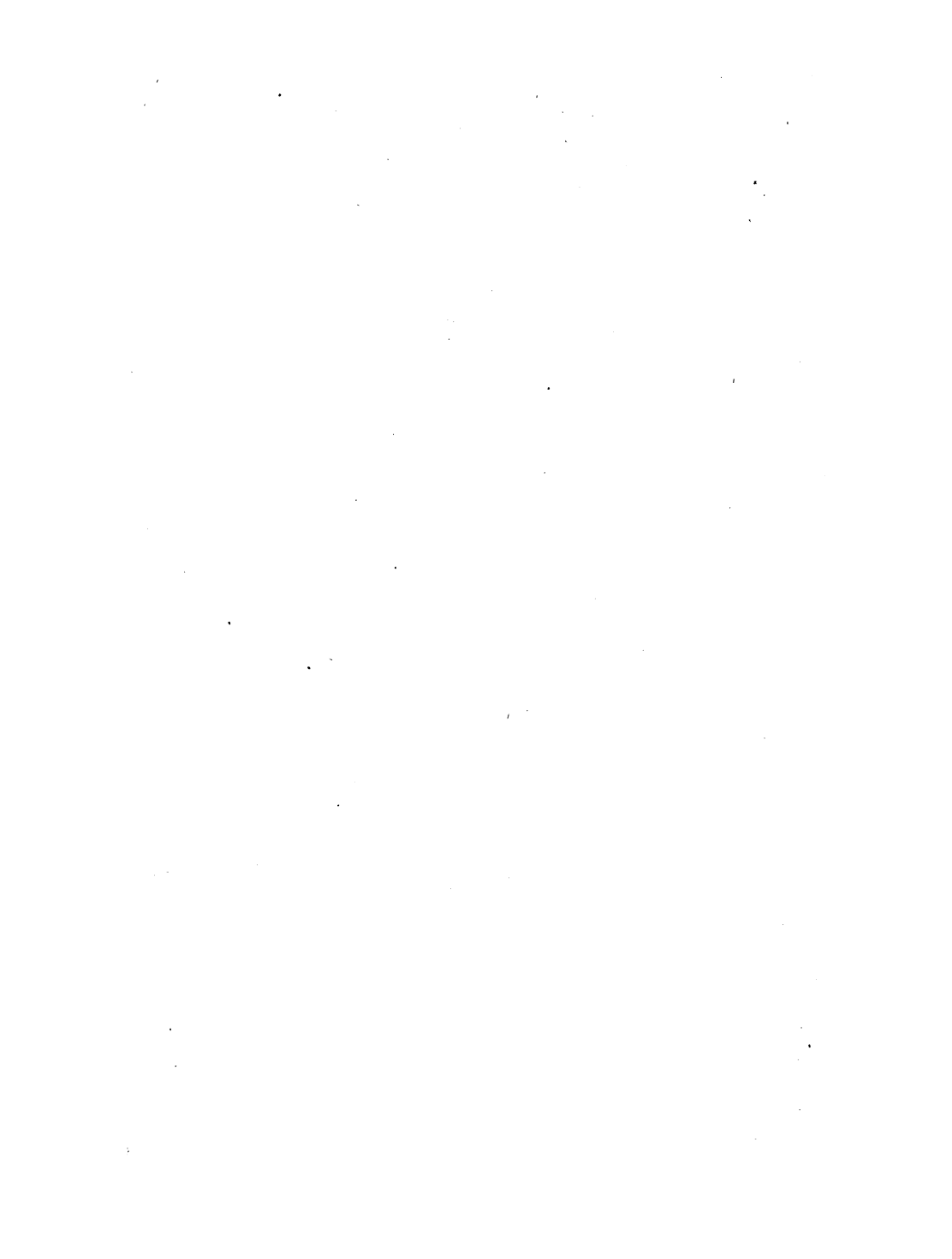
To many a youth and maiden bright  
That were assembled there,  
He proudly told the happy tale  
Of that small tress of hair.





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

25297



# Eyes of Beauty, Fare thee Well !

“Two of the fairest stars in all the heavens, having some business, do intreat her eyes to sparkle in their spheres till they return.”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

JESSIE, darling, do not leave us,  
 Stay and cheer us for awhile ;  
 None, alas, can ever give us  
 Jessie's sweet and lovely smile.  
 Lovely orbs of changeless splendour,  
 Deeper far than words can tell,  
 Sparkling, bright, and yet so tender,  
 Eyes of Beauty, Fare thee well !

Many are the cherished places  
 That my heart will hold so dear,  
 Where we sat with happy faces,  
 Loved, and loving without fear.  
 On the drooping vine branch swinging  
 Just above the dripping well,  
 Oh, I hear its waters ringing,  
 Eyes of Beauty, Fare thee well !

When the dusk is round me closing  
As I pace the fields alone,  
And the birds are all reposing  
Where the early flowers have gone ;  
On the happy past I'll ponder,  
Dreaming dreams no words can tell,  
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"  
Eyes of Beauty, Fare thee well !

**To My Mother.**

MOTHER, I can see thee now,  
Sweet pale face and loving brow ;  
Patient eyes, whose loving beam  
Flits before me like a dream.  
Oceans, mother, can't divide,  
Dreary distance cannot hide  
Thy sweet face with love-tears wet,  
Mother, I can see thee yet.

Mother, I can hear thee now,  
Charming voice of long ago ;  
Merry, ah, when fiercest pain  
Was racking through thy weary brain,  
Wouldst calmly bear and still seem gay,  
Nor wouldst stop our noisy play.  
Oh, loving voice, can I forget,  
Mother, I can hear thee yet.

Mother, I can feel thee now,  
Thy loved kiss on my young brow.  
When temptations round me twine,  
Then I feel that kiss of thine

Burning on my forehead there,  
Blessed by many a loving prayer,  
Shielding from the tempter's net,  
Mother, I can feel thee yet.

Mother, I can see thee now,  
Sweet pale face and loving brow.  
I can feel thy kiss, "Good night,  
Good night, my boy, sweet slumbers light."  
I can hear those accents still,  
While my burning eyelids fill  
With happy love and vain regret,  
Mother, I can see thee yet.

### Flowers of Heaven.

THROUGH the waves of immensity,  
 Far, far, past intensity,  
 Flowers of Heaven that spangle the sky  
 Where, where in thy starry dome  
 Shall our free spirits roam ?  
 Where, where is our future home,  
 In which of the myriad worlds on high ?

Vain, vain is all history  
 To solve the deep mystery  
 That shrouds the high Heaven the zenith above,  
 Oh, tell me, ye beings that fly,  
 Far, far o'er the cloudlet high,  
 Oh, tell me before I die,  
 Where is our destined land that we love ?

Mortals may ever try,  
 As the swift years roll by,  
 But never this heavenly mystery prove.  
 Mortals may soar and fly  
 Far, far o'er the cloudlet high,  
 But all must return and die  
 Ere they can reach that bright land that we love.



## Tes'a.

A DARK-EYED maid of Italy,  
 She tuned her wild guitar,  
 And sang a merry song to me  
 Beneath the evening star.  
 The music like some fairy harp  
 That night-winds gently move,  
 I hear it still, in fancy's dreams,  
 My own, my own sweet love !

Ah, little thought I 'twas the last  
 Time I should see those eyes,  
 When we two parted, Tes'a dear,  
 Upon the Bridge of Sighs !  
 Yet life and love have but one end,  
 I yet may live to prove  
 The bliss that fancy pictured then,  
 My own, my long-lost love.

No more ! No more ! what words are these,  
 That pierce my bleeding heart.  
 Where art thou, Tes'a, oh, my love,  
 Why did we ever part ?

Oh, powers that hold our destinies,  
Where doth my Tes'a rove ?  
Why should mysteries fold thy form,  
The wanderer's only love ?

Tell me, oh, tell me, immortal beings,  
That guard the portals fair  
That lead unto the realms of bliss,  
Has she passed you there ?  
Stars of heaven that shine so bright  
And twinkle from above,  
Which side of your starry spheres  
Wanders my own sweet love ?

**Silent Midnight.**

'Tis midnight, and the mystic moon  
 Circled with a golden ring,  
 Seems to drop the vapoury clouds  
 That around old ruins cling.  
 'Tis midnight, and the distant stars  
 Twinkle through the changing sky ;  
 The sailor mutters words of fear  
 As he reads the signs on high.

'Tis midnight, and the mountain dim  
 Folds the fog around its breast.  
 Earth and sea are sinking now  
 Into universal rest.  
 The mountain brooklet serenades  
 With a love-chaunt of its own ;  
 The white roses that are sleeping  
 In an opiate-vapour gown.

Adown the lone and silent street  
 Flies the white owl, flitting by  
 The fluttering shadow of a flag  
 That is floating half-mast high.

Pale Dian sinks behind a cloud,  
Looming o'er the slumbering sea ;  
The stars are hiding in the folds  
Of a nebulous canopy.

Within a cypress alley cold,  
Clothed in darkness and in gloom,  
Kneels a lady robed in white,  
Bending o'er a lover's tomb.  
There's sorrow on her upturned face  
As she beats her throbbing breast :  
Though earth and sea are slumbering now,  
*All* their creatures do not rest !

**The Spring Time of Love.**

Oh, my lost one, trees and flowers  
Waken from the winter's snow ;  
Spring to verdant life and gladness,  
Clothed in beauty's youthful glow.

Merry voices from the woodlands  
Seem to mock my lonely woe.  
Gorgeous halcyons flit before me  
With their loved ones to and fro.

Gentle perfumed southern breezes  
Fan and cool my burning cheek ;  
While I vainly, 'mongst the flowers,  
Surcease from my pinings seek.

In the interstellar regions  
Brighter constellations shine !  
Heaven, sea, and earth commingle  
In a wak'ned love divine.

III

Oh, my lost one, long and dreary  
O'er our hearts the winter's snow,  
Freezing love's most healthy fibres,  
But, not dead, oh, say not so !

Let the sun of sweet forgiveness  
Warm our hearts, so chill and dead,  
Till they throb with love and gladness—  
Spring returned and winter fled.

**Whither wilt thou, Fancy Mine !**

WHITHER wilt thou, fancy mine ?  
 Stay and rest thy weary wings ;  
 Why should nature tempt thee forth  
 To view her hidden things ?  
 Content thee with Zealandia's shore,  
 Beauties sweeter, more divine, .  
 Beauties never seen before—  
 Whither wilt thou, fancy mine ?

MORNING.

I would view the snows that shine  
 Upon the wildest Appennine ;  
 Alpine mountains I would view,  
 Darker depths than Tell e'er knew,  
 Higher heights and depths to know  
 Where the mountain torrents flow  
 Down to gulfs, that well might pall  
 The brave undaunted Hannibal.  
 I would see the lights that play  
 Round the gates of Austral day ;  
 I would stand by Okeini's lake,  
 Where the mountain Haltios make  
 A guardian circle round the breast  
 Of high Neimi's fairy crest.

## NOON.

I would view the leafy West  
Where the Indian warriors rest,  
Where the dread Niagara leaps  
From her cramping, cramping steeps  
Into many a mighty lake  
That miniature oceans make.  
Where the mighty earthquake sleeps  
'Neath the Andes, wild and steep :  
And the dense abodes of man,  
Where the face grows pale and wan.  
Mighty cities from whose hearts  
Human joy and misery starts,  
Mingling through the smoky air,  
Joy and sorrow, wail and prayer.

## EVENING.

I would hie to climes more blest,  
Climes of beauties unexpressed ;  
I would view the " light that lies "  
In the Spanish maiden's eyes.  
Eastern glories I would see  
By the lake of Galilee ;  
View the brave Athenian's grave  
High above dark Sesto's wave.  
I would view the realms on high,  
Myriad worlds that deck the sky ;  
I would view those spirits so fair  
That haunt the interstellar air.  
Sweet balmy eve brings thoughts to me  
And glories that I fain would see.



### The Hostess.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH.

COME in, sweet Verdinna, and give me thy hand  
 And follow me down to the green-wood bowers ;  
 Bright love-chains a thousand will crown thy brow,  
 Garlands of love and sweet-scented flowers.  
 Oh, why should thy sweet lips, that smile so enchant-  
 Deny that they love, and unwillingly kiss? [ing,  
 For mountain and dale, and high-spreading forest  
 Cannot tell tales, or divulge our sweet bliss.

Through aspen and linden the moonbeams are falling  
 Down on the breast of the slumbering lake.  
 Love, can you hear the sweet sighs of the zephyr,  
 Soft serenades for the lily's sweet sake ?  
 Darling, the soft pulse of nature is beating,  
 Yield to the voice of nature's sweet spell,  
 The amorous moonbeams, the bright stars of heaven,  
 They only see us, and they cannot tell.

## A Farewell.

FAREWELL ! but when you're far away,  
 Far across the deep blue sea,  
 Think sometimes of absent friends  
 Who lovingly will think of thee.  
 The waves may foam, and wild winds sweep  
 Between us and the friends we love,  
 But faithful friends their friendship keep  
 And loving hearts the fonder prove.

Misfortune, with a fatal power,  
 Often loses friendship's tie ;  
 But friendship true gives smile for smile,  
 Tear for tear, and sigh for sigh.  
 The moonbeams glisten on the wave  
 That rolls across from shore to shore,  
 A constant tide for evermore.

Then au revoir ! (for Fare thee well,  
 That sweet sad word, I cannot say !)  
 Oh, think of me in that fair clime  
 Where winds shall waft thy barque away.  
 The waves may foam, the wild winds sweep  
 Between us and the friends we love,  
 But absence rivets friendships deep  
 And distance only freshens love.

**I Think of Thee.**

DARLING, when the amorous night-winds  
 Steal the roses' scented breath,  
 And the fluttering wings of zephyr  
   Flit through many a flowery wreath ;  
 When the murmur of the river,  
   And the billows of the sea  
 Sink to tranquil rest and quiet,  
   Then, sweet love, I think of thee !

Darling, when the darkness struggles  
   Vainly with the dawning light,  
 And a happy beauteous morning  
   Drives away a beauteous night ;  
 When the sun in all his splendour  
   Rises o'er the flowery lea,  
 Colouring all the pearly dew-drops,  
   Then, sweet love, I think of thee !

Darling, when the midnight fairies  
Sing and dance themselves to rest,  
And the soft and snowy vapour  
Sleeps upon the rose's breast ;  
When the distant stars are twinkling  
To the moonbeams on the sea,  
Then, in dreams of love and rapture  
Darling, do I think of thee !

**A Child to its Mother.**

I AM happy, mother,  
 In this bright land of bliss,  
 In this heavenly kingdom,  
 Where all is love and peace.  
 I join the shining angels,  
 On the heavenly shore,  
 In praising my Redeemer—  
 Then weep for me no more

I am waiting, mother,  
 By the golden gate,  
 Waiting for thy footstep,  
 And with joy I wait.  
 I'm longing, ever longing  
 Thy happy face to see,  
 To tell thee of my Saviour  
 And all His love to me.

My cares are ended, mother,  
 My sins are washed away ;  
 I have a harp all golden  
 Whereon I gently play

My robes are pure and spotless,  
 Whiter than driven snow ;  
 A wreath of heavenly blossoms  
 Is folded round my brow.

Oh, how sweetly, mother,  
 The shining angels sing ;  
 All glory ever giving  
 To their heavenly king.  
 I'll tune my harp and join them,  
 That bright and happy throng,  
 Around the throne of heaven,  
 In everlasting song.

Oh, the bliss of Heaven  
 With nothing can compare ;  
 Everything so beautiful,  
 And beauty everywhere,  
 Glorious and harmonious,  
 Celestial and complete ;  
 And the glad songs so holy,  
 So exquisitely sweet.

Gentle, gentle mother,  
 Thy earthly cares I know  
 In that world of sorrow,  
 In that world of woe.  
 But I am happy, mother,  
 On the heavenly shore ;  
 Rejoice that I am happy,  
 And weep for me no more.

**"Somebody will come to-night."**

THROUGH the slightly open casement  
Peers a young face, sad and sweet ;  
Looking at the wild black heavens,  
Gazing up the muddy street.

Sadly, silently, she watches  
The horizon's murky rim,  
While her thoughts are sweetly straying  
To her country home, and him.

And the inconstant rose's bosom,  
Sick, and full of heaven's rain,  
Closes weeping, sad and weary,  
For the bright sun's kiss again.

Soon the rose, with amorous welcome,  
Greets the sun's victorious ray ;  
And the sad and lonely violet  
Smiles her scented tears away.

So the sad and weeping maiden,  
When she sees the sunset bright,  
Through her tears smiles sweet, exclaiming,  
"Somebody will come to-night."

**Chanson d'Amour.**

I KNEW a girl in my flowery youth,  
A sweet and bright-eyed girl ;  
I remember well her every look  
And every wanton curl.

And through my life's wild stormy past,  
Like a cheering beacon light,  
Her eyes shine bright, like the light of stars,  
Through a dark and stormy night.

I remember well her sweet-toned voice,  
No music half so sweet,  
More like the strains of Paradise  
That flood the golden street.

Her nature was a sweeter poem  
Than minstrel ere did weave,  
And her sweet smile was purer far  
Than mortal could conceive.



Her bosom knew no other thought  
 Than the sweet impulse, love,  
 And happy in her innocence  
 As the blest who live above.

The little hill of flowering flax  
 I still remember well,  
 And the shaded seat 'neath the willow tree  
 In the little fairy dell.

I crowned her brow with willow leaves,  
 Studded with rose-buds wild,  
 And called her "Flora, Queen of Flowers,"  
 Bright nature's fairest child.

I lived as in a happy dream,  
 Too sweet, too bright to last ;  
 What have I now but an aching heart,  
 And memory of the past ?

A roving spirit led me oft,  
 Far away from my bright home ;  
 I longed to cross the distant sea,  
 Through foreign lands to roam.

I thought the world one vast romance,  
 And wealth in distant climes ;  
 But bliss departed with the last  
 Of my sweet church bell chimes.

I cast the first grief o'er her soul,  
For in her dark blue eye  
Tears glistened bright, as glittering dew  
In the rose's petals lie.

Ah, years may come and years may go,  
And years may bring me bliss,  
But will they bring another love  
That can compare with this?

### A Beau Ideal.

I saw her in the dewy twilight  
 Gazing o'er the calm and shadowy sea ;  
 The dreamy sunlight kissed her cheek " good night,"  
 Then ling'ring o'er the brink of the mystic west  
 To take a last fond look, departed,  
 Leaving naught but her soft, starry orbs,  
 Regretting, with a dreamy look, the fading glory  
 Of the bright sun, sinking into the burnished arms  
 Of a western sea.

Dark raven tresses  
 Escaping fell, in heavy, waving folds,  
 Down to her ethereal zone, which  
 Cestus of Aphrodite might clasp, holding  
 In circle sancta, as pure and loved a form  
 As the Greek maid's goddess, from whom she hoped,  
 By virgin prayers, to become possessor of that  
 Sweet but fatal beauty she bestowed on  
 Happy maids of sires distinguished in the fields  
 Of Love and War.  
 Tall and graceful was her form,  
 Graceful as a nymph escaped from the bright ærial  
 Of thought and fancy that we oft picture [realms

In our dreams of love and bliss. Imagination's  
 Mystic worlds, and scenes of azure mansions  
 In the sky, and coral halls beneath the sea.  
 Hesperian breezes, sighing, hovered near,  
 Ladened with odoriferous sweets, love breathing  
 Borne by the winged zephyrs from many  
 A woodland grove, and rosebud's perfumed breath  
 Voluptuous sighs, offered to the young night.

These it brought  
 And hovered near her snowy cheek, sighing,  
 Amidst her wanton curls, soft mystic words  
 That charm her ears, and influence there  
 Sweet thoughts of purest virgin love.  
 But silently she watched the shadowy sea  
 And lucid heaven, whose starry arch now  
 Stretched across, folding sea and earth in firm  
 Embrace ; ever and anon whispering some sweet poem,  
 Sweet thoughts and deep, of Shelley's immortal songs.  
 I saw her, and, my heart confessed a being  
 From the airy world of thought and fancy,  
 Queen of my choicest dreams of love and bliss.

Soul of nature, bright and fair  
 Hovered sweetly round her there,  
 Standing where the daisies greet  
 With light kiss her fairy feet ;  
 Gazing o'er the mystic sea,  
 Where the sea-bird, wild and free,  
 Poises o'er the rocky steep  
 That o'erhung the silent deep ;

Viewing heaven and stars above  
With a virgin gaze of love.  
Lovely creature ! maid divine,  
Heaven's choicest gifts are thine ;  
Too pure for cold, terrestrial love,  
Queen of airy realms above,  
My dreaming fancy's fairy queen—  
Lovely, loving Madoline !

### **The Progress of Love.**

VIVIDLY I yet remember,  
It was in the mild September,  
    And the rising moon was young,  
As I wandered by a river,  
An arrow from Dan Cupid's quiver  
Pierced my heart all unsuspecting  
    From his bow so lightly strung.

Still more vividly I remember,  
It was in the warm November,  
    And the moon was nearly full,  
When beside a gentle river  
I plucked roses to deliver  
To my own sweet Rosa darling,  
    The sweetest flowers I could cull.

Ah, distinctly I remember,  
It was in the hot December,  
    And the moon was shining full.  
Close beside a silvery river  
I the first sweet kiss did give her ;  
Then my soul with love ran over,  
    And my beating heart was full.



SONNETS.





**To Mrs. Johansson.**

LADY, like a bright and glorious star  
That gleams awhile between the riven clouds,  
Guiding to a haven of calm and rest  
The weary sailor, lost upon a sea  
Of wild engulfing waves, that seethe and foam  
All wildly round a frail and chartless skiff.  
Lady, e'en such a star wert thou to me !  
Launched upon the stormy flood of life,  
Encompassed by the black waves of despair,  
Threatening to wreck the poet's bark of hope.  
When through a rift in dark misfortune's clouds  
I saw a bright star shine with cheering light,  
Which showed a haven, calm and blest,  
A haven of success, beyond the bar.

To Madoline.

ETHEREAL being, sweet Madoline,  
Beauteous, captivating queen,  
Brightest vision of my days,  
I scarcely dare to sing thy praise.  
My heart is pierced by Cupid's dart,  
Thy charms do renovate the smart.  
'Tis ever smarting, still renewing,  
When I hear the gentle cooing  
Of thy voice. Oh, words can't tell  
The power of love I feel so well.  
By the snowy clouds of night  
That softly veil the lunar light,  
And by the stars that intervene,  
I love you, dearest Madoline.

**Black Eyes.**

NYMPH, with dark and starry eye,  
Peerless by young love's decree ;  
Conquering glances sweetly fly,  
Leading willing slaves to thee.  
I, kneeling at thy potent shrine,  
Drawn by love's resistless glance,  
I give the sceptre—it is thine.  
Love, and beauty, and romance,  
All combined in thee do meet ;  
All that stirs the human breast,  
All that robs the soul of rest,  
By the gentlest vows confessed ;  
I, prisoned with such chains, am blest,  
And, kneeling, bless the bonds so sweet.

**Blue Eyes.**

NYMPH, with blue ethereal eyes,  
Time shall teach my wandering heart  
Thy truth and faith more dear to prize,  
Lovely, loving as thou art.  
Depth of soul and virgin love,  
From their azure sources shine,  
Shaming summer skies above.  
Not immortal, but divine,  
Divinely pure, divinely sweet.  
By the tenderest vows expressed  
And by the purest love confessed,  
And by the amorous wind distressed,  
That dies upon the rose's breast—  
All that's pure within them meet.

**Tamati Waka Nene.**

Oh, chief renowned ! I stood beside thy grave  
And thought of all thy good and mighty deeds,  
And read thy epitaph—a nation's thanks ;  
Though cold it seemed for such a noble mind  
That pierced the future, and could see  
The noble Briton as the future lord  
And guardian of his brave though failing race.  
First in the annals of Zealandia's fame,  
History claims thee as her starting point,  
The first bright star upon an opening page !  
Future ages shall speak and write thy fame,  
The first to welcome to this genial isle  
The white-faced teacher, from the far confines  
Of the ocean, and kingdoms o'er the sea.

**Chatterton.**

Up into the airy realms of stars mysterious  
The weary soul of Chatterton ascended ; freed  
From the blighting troubles of an ingrate world  
Up to the brightest heights, to sing celestial  
Songs, not understood upon this cold prosaic earth.  
A soul too proud to bear the yoke of servitude ;  
A soul too proud to bear gross insults from such men  
That used his genius as a means of earthly gain.  
Too late a nation mourns thy loss, but thy country  
Still can place thy unstained name amongst the fairest  
Of her stars. A young and vigorous life pierced and  
Eaten to the heart, by the canker worm of care.  
A young life blighted by the frosts of early spring ;  
A bright star less on earth, one more within the sky.

Calm as the evening, oh, let my life be  
Bright as the gleam of yonder red star,  
Shedding a true light down on the nations.  
Then may my end be calm as the sunset,  
Sinking and fading behind the blue ocean,  
Leaving bright rays to linger long after me  
On the sweet memories of those who had loved me.  
Then should my rising be like the fair morning,  
Like the bright sun from mystery and darkness  
Rises and wings her way up to the heavens,  
Far beyond the short measures of mortals,  
The zenith-clime, beyond all immensity.  
My soul may not rest till she finds a heaven,  
The brightest realm in a world-spangled sky.





**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**



**Te Reinga.**

WHEN the light,  
 Soft and bright,  
 Of a redder evening star,  
 Twinkles through  
 The dusky dew  
 That o'erhangs the sandy bar,  
 And the light  
 Winds of night  
 Blow the foam of rising tide  
 On the strand,  
 Along the sand  
 Maori phantoms swiftly glide !  
  
 On the beach,  
 Strange birds screech  
 Incantations of the sea,  
 In the air,  
 Everywhere,  
 In a mournful melody.  
 In the skies  
 Dark clouds rise,  
 Hiding gleam of moon and star ;  
 Far away  
 Thunders play,  
 Kingdoms high in planet war.

Still they glide  
 Where the tide  
 Falls along in foaming line,  
 Till they reach  
 On the beach  
 A resting place, a seat divine.  
 On this seat,  
 Token sweet,  
 They leave for loving friends behind,  
 Leaf or spray,  
 Garland gay,  
 A souvenir for grieving mind.

In the mist,  
 If you list,  
 You will hear their rustling flight  
 As they glide  
 By the tide  
 In the first watch of the night.  
 But their feet  
 Never beat  
 Marks upon the yellow sand ;  
 Though the eye  
 Can descry  
 Shadows on the dusky strand.

Soon they near  
 Wild rocks drear,  
 The Reinga of departed braves.

Spirits blest  
 Sink to rest  
 Through an entrance 'neath the waves.  
 Christmas tree  
 To the sea  
 Forms a ladder, from the height  
 Where they stand  
 On the land  
 That they leave in gloom and night.

For to dwell  
 'Neath the swell  
 Of the wild mysterious sea,  
 In a clime,  
 That all time  
 Cannot mar its harmony ;  
 And where bright  
 Forms unite  
 To enhance the raptured eye,  
 In a blaze  
 Amber rays  
 Light and grace its cloudless sky.

Maidens gay  
 Lead the way  
 Through the dreamy bowers of love ;  
 Music sweet  
 And complete  
 Echoes from the waves above.

On his throne,  
Amber stone,  
Sits the king, brave Tangaroa ;  
Never there  
Grief or care,  
Pain or sorrow, wail or woe.

Sweet delight  
Day and night,  
And happy love without alloy ;  
Warriors gay  
Night and day  
Kiss the maidens shy and coy,  
While they sing  
To their king  
In a brave and happy band ;  
Far below  
Billows flow  
In the Maori's pleasure land.

**The Exile's Song.**

Oh Flora ! dear Flora !  
Sweet, list to my vow ;  
As I sing by the ocean  
Where home breezes blow ;  
No treasures of ocean,  
No wealth from the sea,  
But a heart in my bosom  
I offer to thee.

Oh Flora ! dear Flora !  
Come list my behest,  
And tell me you love me,  
And I shall be blest.  
I long to be near thee,  
And know thou art mine,  
And let my soul whisper,  
Dear spirit, with thine.

The blasts from the southward  
Blow cold on my cheek ;  
From my heart rise emotions  
My tongue cannot speak.



By the bright stars of heaven,  
And the dark rolling sea,  
Sweet maid of my amour,  
I love only thee.

Thy face gently beaming,  
And meek loving eye,  
Oh gods ! am I dreaming,  
Or is she now nigh ?  
As I gaze on the ocean  
I'll sing this wild song,  
My Flora ! dear Flora !  
Oh, tarry not long.

My heart beats so wildly,  
Methinks thou mightst hear,  
Or feel some response  
If thine is sincere.  
Oh, why did I know thee,  
This heart to enslave ?  
If I cannot win thee,  
My bed is the grave.

### Loving Still.

LADY, this is from my heart,  
 Would that it could heal its smart ;  
 Take it now, and think of me,  
 As I will ever think of thee.  
 Loving still, though sad and parted,  
 Loving still, though broken hearted,  
 Loving still, though I may never  
 Kiss and clasp thee mine for ever !

Why this mystery and this vow  
 That lays a lover's heart so low ?  
 This barrier dark can I not move  
 That parts my soul from the soul I love ?  
 Farewell joy and earthly treasure,  
 Farewell hope and youthful pleasure ;  
 Far away I now must wander,  
 On the happy past to ponder.

Still fare thee well, forget me not,  
 May health and happiness be thy lot ;  
 And when with love some heart wins thine,  
 Then, oh then, forget not mine.  
 Loving still, though sad and parted,  
 Loving still, though broken hearted,  
 Loving still, though I may never  
 Kiss and clasp thee mine for ever !

### Beautiful Waves.

BEAUTIFUL waves ! that fall and founder

On the ribbed and ripply sand ;

Beautiful waves ! that strew and scatter

Shells upon the ocean strand ;

Beautiful waves ! that form a mirror

For the deep and dark blue sky,

And the merry stars that twinkle

From their starry spheres on high,

Beautiful waves !

Where are thy hidden treasure caves ?

Where are England's heroes' graves ?

Beautiful waves !

Beautiful waves ! that gleam and glisten,

Dancing as in joyous fun,

'Neath the lazy mist that rises

Up to meet the rising sun.

Beautiful waves ! all foamy crested,

In among the rocks they flow ;

Rise and fall, the same for ever,

Where the tangled sea-flowers grow.

Beautiful waves !

Strange the mystery that enslaves

He who every danger braves—

Beautiful waves !

Beautiful waves ! oh, listen, listen,

Doubly sweet and dear to me,

For my own true sailor lover

Sails his bark on some far sea.

Beautiful waves ! oh, sink your troubles,

Hide your cares on ocean's breast,

Bar, oh, bar not, snow-capped billows,

One true maiden from being blest.

Beautiful waves !

Listen, while a maiden craves

For one who every danger braves—

Beautiful waves !

**Lines on St. Valentine's Day.**

If I have departed  
From etiquette's laws,  
And for any offence  
Have given cause,  
Forgive me this time,  
Forgive me, I pray,  
Remember, sweet lady,  
'Tis Valentine's Day.

Shall beauty and worth  
Unnoticed be ?  
The lovely of earth  
Shall they go free ?  
No, I shall praise them  
In my humble lay,  
A pleasant excuse  
St. Valentine's Day.

## Katie.

LIKE gold surpasses silver  
 In brilliancy and worth,  
 Like sunshine is to moonlight  
 Lighting up the earth ;  
 So with you, sweet Katie,  
 'Mongst young ladies fair —  
 An amethyst in amber,  
 A sapphire rich and rare.

When the lamps are lighted,  
 And the room is gay,  
 And we all are listening  
 To some sweet love-lay ;  
 Then your bright brown eyes, love—  
 Be still, my beating heart,  
 Let me tell my Katie  
 How they make you smart.

So like the blushing roses  
 Softly tipt with dew,  
 Are your rosy lips, dear,  
 But a brighter hue,  
 You are blest, sweet Katie,  
 'Mongst young ladies fair—  
 An amethyst in amber,  
 A sapphire rich and rare.

**Ballad.**

GAZING through the open casement,  
 From her father's lofty towers,  
 Sat a lady, pale and weeping,  
 Toying with two lovely flowers,  
 Murmuring to the western breezes,  
 Sighing through her silken hair,  
 All her little doubts and troubles,  
 Puzzled which sweet flower to wear.  
 "Voices from your warm young hearts  
 Advise me how to play my part,  
 Rosebud red or rosebud white,  
 Which shall grace my hair to-night?"

With the House of York, her lover  
 Battled for the rosebud white,  
 Led its petals on to victory  
 Oft in many a stormy flight :  
 But her sire, and her brother  
 Battled for the rosebud red,  
 They had borne it on triumphant,  
 When the bravest blood was shed.  
 Still she murmured sweet and low  
 As the western breezes blow :  
 "Rosebud red, or rosebud white,  
 Which shall grace my hair to-night?"

"When the soft sweet strains of music,  
Make my young heart beat and glow,  
Then the white rose will o'erpower me  
For a cause that seeks our woe.  
But my honour, it must ever  
Be as pure as rosebud white ;  
Yes, I'll blend you, rival blossoms,  
Rosebud red and rosebud white.  
    Lover brave and brother true,  
    Both shall claim the honour due  
    Rosebud red and rosebud white,  
    I shall wear you both to-night."



### Joy and Sorrow.

SORROW, joy, joy and sorrow,  
 Let me from your natures borrow  
 All that's sweet, touched with pain,  
 Happy song and sad refrain.  
 I love to see a rose in bloom  
 Placed within an early tomb,  
 In the folds of maiden's breast,  
 Where 'twill sink to sombre rest.  
 There are sorrows still, and sorrows,  
 One that calms and one that furrows  
 The pale brow before swift Time  
 Has scattered there its aged rime.  
 But sweet sorrow in a measure  
 Is twin sister unto pleasure ;  
 Charms and pains us both together,  
 Sunshine sweet and stormy weather.  
 Happy love with sweet heart-ache,  
 A love complete conjointly make.  
 Happy natures always keep  
 Sorrows mild and pleasures deep.  
 Still will sing and sing again  
 Happy hymn, and sad refrain.  
 Sorrow, joy, joy and sorrow,  
 Let me from your natures borrow  
 Pleasure sweet, and gentle pain,  
 To sing a sweet and sad refrain.

## EARLY POEMS.

Written before the age of Sixteen.

*I have been persuaded by the friends of my youth to publish  
my early poems; written during the rhyming days of boyhood,  
not for any merit they possess, but as mementoes of the happy  
past.*

**An Autumn Song.**

WHAT dazzling beauties unexpressed  
Lie in the oriels of the west  
When sinks the orb of day to rest  
    Behind yon height ;

Whose peak, when in the morning seen,  
Is clothed with ti-tree wild and green,  
Now edged o'er with glittering sheen  
    Of golden light.

Beautiful horizon painted sky,  
How bright your glories shine on high,  
How lovely in the heavens lie  
    Yon western cloud.

When evening rays upon it shed,  
Changing white to glowing red,  
It seems to rest on mountain head  
    In golden shroud.

The seagull homewards wings her way  
O'er the wide ocean far away,  
To some sequestered isle or bay,  
With rocky shore ;

Where, poised upon her throne so steep,  
Surrounded by the vasty deep,  
She hears within her gentle sleep  
The billows roar.

Hark ! the birds have ceased their chorus,  
Flies the fading light before us,  
Evening shades are gathering o'er us,  
Gentle and slow.

The silent pinions of the night  
Overtake the fading light,  
Now vanquished is its lustre bright  
And golden glow.

Hark! what sound is that I hear,  
Floating down so soft and clear,  
Calling sweetly in my ear  
For men to meet ?

'Tis the church-bell's joyful sound,  
That echoes in the hills around,  
While in the balmy air is drowned  
Its cadence sweet.

Oh, that our lives might pass away  
 As calmly as the fading day,  
 As smooth as the unrippled bay  
 That 'neath us lies.

So that when all our labour's done  
 We might lay calmly in the tomb,  
 To shine as bright as morning sun  
 When we arise.

May 4th, 1880.

**A Summer's Night.**

THE sun has set far in the west,  
His golden rays have gone to rest ;  
Evening shades are drawing round,  
The dew is falling on the ground.

In the west the sky is red,  
The stars are peeping overhead ;  
The fleecy clouds so snowy white  
Are disappearing for the night.

The night is calm, the western breeze  
Just ruffles o'er the glassy seas ;  
And countless orbs present their light  
To beautify the reign of night.

The moon in brightness doth appear,  
Rising up so bright and clear.  
Soon in beauty she will fly  
O'er the blue and cloudless sky.

And the ocean, matchless green,  
Now thy beauties calm are seen,  
With the moon's clear silvery light  
Reflecting on thy surface bright.

From evening shades to early morn,  
By the gentle breezes borne,  
Are the ripples on thy tide  
Wafted o'er thy ocean wide.

Morning dawns, the day's begun,  
Yonder shines the brilliant sun,  
Lighting up a day more bright  
Than the moon has made the night.

May 27th, 1879.



**A Winter's Night.**

THE clouds are lowering in the sky,  
 Shrill is the stormy petrel's cry,  
 The restless ocean seems to sigh,  
     A storm ! a storm !

The thunder 's roaring loud and long,  
 Fiercely sweeps the wind along,  
 Whistling a sad and mournful song,  
     A storm ! a storm !

Yonder see the lightnings flash,  
 Yonder hear the loud waves splash,  
 As upon the shore they dash  
     With mighty bound.

The storm comes down with might and main,  
 And fiercely does the frozen rain  
 Patter on the window pane  
     In icy drops.

But louder yet the ocean's sound,  
 As darkness closes all around,  
 And fiercer yet the billows bound  
     Upon the shore.

So piercing through the gloomy night  
Shines a little flickering light,  
Floating on the ocean white  
Like a meteor !

Towering breakers round it press,  
'Tis a ship that 's in distress,  
Lost upon a wilderness  
Of spray and fog.

But fearlessly she yet doth ride  
O'er the angry ocean wide,  
Borne by rushing wind and tide  
Towards the shore !

Hope lights up the sailor's eye,  
And raising loud the joyous cry  
Of the welcome lighthouse nigh,  
The wheel ! the wheel !

But vain his strength in such a blast,  
A hopeless wreck the ship is cast ;  
The sailor clings close to the mast  
In wild dismay.

She now has reached her final shock,  
She who so long the waves did mock  
Is swept upon a hidden rock  
To float no more.

But yonder see the life-boat brave,  
Gliding o'er the foamy wave,  
Rescuing from a watery grave  
The gallant crew.

From the ocean far away  
Swept the gale ; at break of day,  
Prostrate on the hillside lay  
The giant trees ;

Trees that long the blast had borne,  
Up by the roots they now were torn ;  
All looks desolate and forlorn  
Where once they stood.

The waterfalls are roaring loud,  
Enveloped in a misty cloud,  
That from the waters as they flowed  
Rose in the air.

The sun in beauty, calm and still,  
Is rising from behind the hill,  
Kindling hopes that linger still  
For spring's return.

August 28th, 1879.

### Our Island Home.

HURRAH for our isle, our bonnie green isle,  
 Let's raise for her a song ;  
 Safe may she rest, from troubles blest,  
 With rulers brave and strong.  
 May no cloud arise to darken the skies  
 Of peace we now enjoy ;  
 God grant no feud by death or blood  
 May e'er our peace destroy.

Hurrah for our isle, our merry green isle,  
 The land of love and song ;  
 The tui-birds sing, I hear them ring  
 The wooded hills among.  
 The kiwi takes his lonely walks  
 Where ancient kauris wave ;  
 Bright streams so clear are murmuring near  
 The Maori's lonely grave.

Hurrah for our isle, our beautiful isle,  
 The pride of British land ;  
 The pioneers who first came here,  
 Proudly, exulting stand.  
 Though strife and broil, and fruitless toil  
 Might daunt him for awhile,  
 Triumphant now he steers his plough  
 On his adopted isle.

Hurrah for our isle, our peerless isle,  
 Though hundreds speck the sea,  
 Oh, sparkling rills and verdant hills,  
 Who would not live by thee ?  
 On either side are harbours wide,  
 Where infant cities stand.  
 And hills that hold rich mines of gold  
 Are worked with master hand.

Hurrah for the Governor now that rules  
 This pleasant land of ours ;  
 May fortune bless with kind caress  
 His happy passing hours.  
 The Maori unite in peace with the white,  
 And join in hardy toil,  
 With skilful hand to till his land,  
 But not in strife and broil.

Hurrah for the isle, the southern isle,  
 Just parted by the sea ;  
 There ever lies in friendship's eyes  
 A bond of unity.  
 Hurrah for our ships, for our gallant ships !  
 For our soldiers brave, hurrah !  
 Ring out the hue, for our islands two—  
 Hurrah for them both, hurrah !

October 28th, 1880.

**Mangonui.**

In the north of the land of the tall kauri tree  
There stands a small town by the side of the sea,  
Where nature in varying beauty is seen,  
From the ocean's light blue to the forest's dark green.  
To the north lies the ocean, all lovely and dim,  
To the south is the forest's mountainous rim,  
And the hills are all clothed in a green garb so gay,  
You would think that all sin would be far, far away.

To the west, behind hills white as chalk,  
Is Cooper's Beach, or "The Lovers' Walk ;"  
Our public buildings are all to view,  
Though small in number are a noble few.  
Three stores, and an office where they sort the mail,  
One public school, a church, and a gaol ;  
Two hotels, but W. H. P. would say  
He would rather that they were away, far away.

The settlers are liberal, except a few,  
And to take altogether a good-looking crew ;  
As pretty young ladies as ever you'd see  
In old London town or bonnie Dundee,

For young swells of Auckland, who live on their pride,  
Come down to this town to look for a bride.  
But live in this place a few years and you'll say  
That all brotherly love is away, far away.

'Tis not drink that causes this lasting fray,  
Nearly all are abstainers, thank heaven to say ;  
Seldom we see one of the citizens drunk,  
Except one or two in degradation sunk.  
'Tis through the two parties our little town bleeds,  
Each sends the paper his neighbour's misdeeds ;  
But we'll hope and trust for a brighter day,  
When all malice and spite are away, far away.

### The Sakarran Girl's Song.

" SAILS on the ocean are nearing and fading,  
 But none ever come with my true lover home ;  
 Oh, chief of my fancy, why didst thou leave me,  
 And go with sea-strangers to labour and roam ?

" Daily I sit where the salt sea-born billows  
 Lazily fall on the yellow gold sand,  
 And sing to them snatches of songs you once taught me,  
 Love, when we wandered along the sea strand.

" Sometimes I think I can hear the chains clanking  
 That bind thy loved wrists in some slaver's dark  
 cell ;  
 Then proudly I think of thy young noble spirit,  
 That chains could not tame, or tortures compel.

" Oh, come back to Lelia, bravest and dearest,  
 Come back and claim thy long-waiting bride ;  
 I'm weary with watching, and waiting, and weeping,  
 Weary with gazing across the blue tide."

So sang a tall and queenly maiden,  
 Reclining 'neath an orange tree,  
 Making garlands of wild flowers,  
 With a grace so wild and free.



And the zephyrs, deeply sighing  
Among the palms and spices fair,  
Drown'd her voice of liquid sweetness  
In the balmy evening air.

And the little mournful ripples,  
Falling on the yellow sand,  
Responding to the murmuring music  
That is flowing from the land.

Where the soul is lost in dreaming,  
And in poetry finds relief,  
To sing a song in joyful numbers,  
Or rehearse a tale of grief.

February, 1880.

### Sea Siren's Song.

BENEATH the ocean's mighty swell  
 In glittering halls of pearl I dwell,  
 And in coral cells I keep  
 All the treasures of the deep—  
 All the treasures that we trace  
 In the songs of mortal race ;  
 And untold wealth of nations great,  
 From priceless mines and halls of state.

And wealth untold, unheard, unsung  
 By mortals since the world was young ;  
 In many a pear-encircled cave,  
 Beneath the foamy crested wave.  
 With sparkling diamonds, rich and rare,  
 And glittering shells I deck my hair,  
 And dance a measure light and free  
 To the music of the sea.

I ride within a crystal car  
 To shining seas of realms afar,  
 Drawn by fish of golden hue,  
 Glancing in the water blue ;  
 Surrounded by a merman throng,  
 Merrily, gaily float along ;  
 My fairy home shall ever be  
 In the deep, mysterious sea.

**Kitty.**

Oh my witty, dark and pretty,  
Darling, charming, sweetheart Kitty ;  
Love my only plea for writing  
This short unpoetic ditty.

Oh my rare and debonair,  
Bright lady with the raven hair,  
When beauty to the world was given,  
They gave to you a double share.

Oh, my dove from realms above,  
Ethereal being, sweet girl I love—  
I think of you by night, by day,  
Where'er I go, where'er I move.

**Sonnet.**

'Tis sweet when the night is calm,  
To look into the starlit heaven  
And dream of our future home,  
Our home beyond the stars.  
'Tis sweet when the breezes blow  
And ripple the silvery lake,  
To sigh and dream of a happy love,  
And weep for a sweet heartache ;  
'Tis sweet in the ancient woods,  
Ah, cool and surpassingly sweet,  
To wander alone when the wind is dead,  
And feel its great heart beat ;  
Ah, souls in cities never know  
The joys that from the wild hills flow.

**Lines.**

Fare thee well, health and joy,  
And a happy love be thine ;  
Fare thee well, a memory true  
And a memory sweet be mine.



**AUCKLAND**

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